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Extra-illustrated with 20 portraits





M^{rs} Oldfield, in the Character of Rosamond.



The Queen, th' offended Queen, I see!
Act II Sc 5.

Published by J. Harrison Nov. 1, 1778



MRS. OLDFIELD.





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M^{rs} Oldfield

FAITHFUL
MEMOIRS
OF THE
LIFE,

Amours and Performances,
OF

That justly CELEBRATED, and most
Eminent ACTRESS of her Time,

M^{rs}. *Anne Oldfield.*

Interpersed with several other

Dramatical MEMOIRS.

By WILLIAM EGERTON, Esq;

*The great Pains, which the LADIES of this Age
take to commend VIRTUE, is sometimes a shrewd Sign
that they take but very little to practice IT. And,
the greatest Part of those Complaints against their
Neighbours, are owing to the Want of Reflection
upon Themselves.*

ROCHEFOUCAULT.

L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year MDCCXXXI.

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1731

M. M. O. R. S.

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H. F. I. Y.

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T O
Mrs. S A U N D E R S,
O F
Watford in Hertfordshire.

M A D A M,

I N dear Respect to your *departed Friend*,
I earnestly these Pages recommend.

Let *her true Worth* thro' your Protection live,
Who know both how to *Love*, and how to
Grieve.

The Public, in their *Pleasures*, daily mourn
Her Loss, and Roscius * holds the fatal Urn.
Secure will be her *everlasting Fame*,
Since SAUNDERS has embalm'd an OLDFIELD'S
Name.

WILLIAM EGERTON.

Somerset-House, Feb.
1, 1731.

* Mr. BOOTH.

T H E



T H E P R E F A C E.

CRITICKS in *Wit*, or *Life*, are *hard* to *Please*,
 Few *Write* to *Them*, and none can *Live* to
These.

*Thus sings Mr. POPE. However, I will venture to introduce these MEMOIRS of Mrs. OLDFIELD, with an Observation made by that excellent Critick, in Life, the Duke De ROCHEFOUCAULT, viz. “ ALL “ Diversions which are very entertaining, “ are of dangerous Consequence; but of all “ that the World hath found out, none “ should be more cautiously used than PLAYS. “ They give so nice, so natural a Represen-
 A 2 “ tation,*

“ *tation of the PASSIONS, that they really*
 “ *beget and inspire them; and especially*
 “ *that of LOVE, when it is described as a*
 “ *modest and a virtuous Passion. For the*
 “ *more innocent it appears, to innocent*
 “ *Persons, the more still they find themselves*
 “ *disposed to receive and submit to it. They*
 “ *fancy to themselves a Sense of Honour,*
 “ *and, at the same Time, that This is no*
 “ *way injured by so discreet an Affection.*
 “ *Thus People rise from a Play with their*
 “ *Hearts so full of the Softnesses of LOVE,*
 “ *and their Judgments so satisfied of its*
 “ *Innocence, that they are in a perfect*
 “ *Disposition to take in its first Impressions*
 “ *readily, or rather indeed to seek and court*
 “ *Occasions of infecting somebody else with*
 “ *it; that so, they may receive the same*
 “ *Pleasures, and the same Emotions, which*
 “ *they have seen so movingly represented*
 “ *upon the Stage. FORTUNE (continues*
 “ *the Duke) gives out the Parts we are*
 “ *to play upon this Stage of the World,*
 “ *blindly, and just according to her own*
 “ *unaccountable Humour: This is the Rea-*
 “ *son why there is so much ill Acting;*
 “ *because*

“ because we very seldom hit upon those
“ Characters that are fit for Us; or to speak
“ in a more Christian Style, what we call
“ Fortune, is no other than the Provi-
“ dence of God, which permits those Dis-
“ orders, for Reasons which we are not able
“ to Comprehend.”

As these admirable Sentiments, justly point out with what Reserve Young People should enjoy the Pleasures of the Theatre; so on the other hand, they are admonished to chuse such a Sphere of Action here, as, in every Degree, both becomes and fits them; and to have a stronger Reliance on Providence than what is commonly ascribed to Fortune.

THE Person, whom these Papers commemorate, had most undoubtedly a plentiful Share of the Goods of Fortune; but I am aware that some Pretenders to Sanctity, among my Female Readers, will not by any means allow Mrs. OLDFIELD's Prosperity to be the Determination of Providence; tho' they would All of them be glad of the like Success from whatsoever Corner of the Compass it should be Blown.

Her

Her Last Will and Testament is a Confirmation of all that is said relating to her Private Life; and being fully satisfied that in the Conduct of these Memoirs, I have acted with the strictest Justice and Veracity in relation to Mrs. OLDFIELD's Public Character, in every respect, I shall equally despise both Censures and Threats from what Quarter soever they may proceed.

I hereby return Thanks in General for the several Notices which have been communicated to me; and in particular to Mrs. SAUNDERS for her obliging Letter concerning Mrs. OLDFIELD's Deportment in her Sickness, and some other Acts of Justice done to Mrs. OLDFIELD's Character.

THE Two Greek Fragments, viz. 1. The LOVER'S DAY. 2. The HYMN to SLEEP, are the Performances of a very eminent Hand whom I have not the Liberty to Name; but hope those, as well as several more Pieces interspersed throughout this Work, will prove acceptable to all my Readers.

Vale & fruere.

THE



T H E

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INTRODUCTION

To the L I F E of

Mrs. O L D F I E L D.



THE Loss which the polite Part of the Town has sustained, in the Death of Mrs. OLDFIELD, must be allowed to be irreparable; because, in Comedy, as she never had, so she has not left her Equal.

THE *Stage-Entertainment* has lately met with a Brace of most violent Ecclesiastical Antagonists, * (as violent to the full, as their red-hot-Predecessor, JEREMY COLLIER, M. A.) Therefore I think it absolutely necessary, before I enter into any Particulars of Mrs. OLDFIELD'S Life, to lay down the Sentiments of some of the best Writers relating to the Excellency and Use of *Dramatical Representations*.

* *Messieurs Bedford and Law.*

“ I CANNOT, *says a Writer of established*
 “ *Merit*, be of the same Opinion with my
 “ Friends and Fellow-Labourers, the *Re-*
 “ *formers of Manners*, in their Severity to-
 “ wards Plays, but must allow, that a good
 “ Play, acted before a well-bred Audience,
 “ must raise very proper Incitements to good
 “ Behaviour, and be the most quick and
 “ most prevailing Method of giving young
 “ People a Turn of Sense and Breeding.” *

As to the Players, they indeed are to be pitied, as being obliged to repeat and assume proper Gestures for representing Things, of which their Reason must be ashamed, and which they must disdain their Audience for approving. The Amendment of these low Gratifications is only to be made by People of Condition, by encouraging the Representation of the noble Characters drawn by *Shakespeare* and others, from whence it is impossible to return without strong Impressions of Honour and Humanity. On these Occasions, Distress is laid before us with all its Causes and Consequences, and our Resentments placed according to the Merit of the Persons afflicted: Were *Dramas* of this Nature more acceptable to the Taste of the Town, Men who have Genius would bend their Studies to excel in them. How forcible

an Effect this would have on our Minds one needs no more than to observe how strongly we are touched by meer Pictures. Who can see *le Brun's* Picture of the Battle of *Porus*, without entering into the Character of that fierce gallant Man, and being accordingly spurred to an Emulation of his Constancy and Courage? When he is falling with his Wounds the Features are at the same time very terrible and languishing; and there is such a stern Faintness diffused through all his Look, as is apt to move a kind of Horror as well as Pity in the Beholder. This, I say, is an Effect wrought by meer Lights and Shades; consider also a Representation made by Words only, as in an Account given by a good Writer: *Cataline* in *Sallust* makes just such a Figure as *Porus* in *le Brun*. It is said of him, *Catalina vero longe a suis inter hostium cadavera repertus est; paululum etiam spirans, ferocitatemque animi quam vivus habuerat in vultu retinens.*

“ *Cataline* was found killed far from his
 “ own Men, among the dead Bodies of the
 “ Enemy: He seemed still to breathe, and
 “ still retained in his Face the same Fierceness he had when he was living. — What I would insinuate from all this, is, That if the Painter and the Historian can do thus much in Colours and Language, what may not be performed by an excellent Poet, when the Characters he draws is represented by

the Person, the Manner, the Look, and the Motion of an accomplished Player? If a thing painted or related can irresistably enter our Hearts, what may not be brought to pass by seeing generous Things performed before our Eyes? *

I AM fully convinced that the Impulses I have received from Theatrical Representations, have a greater Effect, than otherwise would have been wrought in me by the little Occurrences of my private Life. — It is not the Business of a good Play to make every Man an Heroe; but it certainly gives him a livelier Sense of Virtue and Merit than he had when he entered the Theatre. †

MONSIEUR *Rapin* observes, That the *English* Theatre very much delights in Bloodshed, which he likewise represents as an Indication of our Tempers. I must own there is something very horrid in the public Executions of an *English* Tragedy. Stabbing and Poisoning, which are performed behind the Scenes in other Nations, must be done openly among us, to gratify the Audience. I have seen a Player groaning upon a Wheel, stuck with Daggers, impaled alive, calling his Executioners, with a dying Voice, cruel Dogs and Villains! And all this to please

* TATLER, N^o. 8. Vol. I. † TATLER N^o. 99. Vol. II.

his judicious Spectators, who were wonderfully delighted with seeing a Man in Torment so well acted. The Truth of it is, the Politeness of our *English* Stage, in regard to *Decorum*, is very extraordinary. We act Murders to shew our Intrepidity, and Adulteries to shew our Gallantry. Both of them are frequent in our most taking Plays, with this Difference only, That the first are done in the Sight of the Audience, and the other wrought up to such an height upon the Stage, that they are almost put in Execution before the Actors can get behind the Scenes. I would not have it thought that there is just Grounds for those Consequences which our Enemies draw against us from these Practices; but methinks one would be sorry for any manner of Occasion for such Misrepresentations of us. The Virtues of Tenderness, Compassion and Humanity, are those by which Men are distinguished from Brutes, as much as by Reason itself; and it would be the greatest Reproach to a Nation to distinguish itself from all others by any Defect in these particular Virtues. *

AT Theatrical Representations, every one should shew his Attention, Understanding, and Virtue. I would undertake to find out all the Persons of Sense and Breeding

* TATLER, N^o. 134. Vol. III.

by the Effect of a single Sentence, and to distinguish a Gentleman as much by his Laugh, as his Bow. When we see the Footman and his Lord diverted by the same Jest, it very much turns to the Diminution of the one, or the Honour of the other. But tho' a Man's Quality may appear in his Understanding and Taste, the Regard to Virtue ought to be the same in all Ranks and Conditions of Men, however they make a Profession of it under the Name of Honour, Religion, or Morality. When therefore we see any thing divert an Audience, either in Tragedy or Comedy, that strikes at the Duties of civil Life, or exposes what the best Men in all Ages have looked upon as sacred and inviolable, it is the certain Sign of a profligate Race of Men, who have fallen from the Virtue of their Forefathers, and will be contemptible in the Eyes of Posterity.— This brings to my Mind a Passage in *Cicero*, which I could never read without being in Love with the Virtue of a *Roman* Audience. He there describes the Shouts and Applauses, which the People gave to the Persons who acted the Parts of *Pilades* and *Orestes*, in the noblest Occasion that a Poet could invent to shew Friendship in Perfection. One of them had forfeited his Life by an Action which he had committed; and as they stood in Judgment before the Tyrant, each of them strove who should be
the

the Criminal, that he might save the Life of his Friend. Amidst the Vehemence of each asserting himself to be the Offender, the *Roman* Audience gave a Thunder of Applause, and by that means, as the Author hints, approved in others what they would have done themselves on the like Occasion. Methinks a People of so much Virtue were deservedly placed at the Head of Mankind : But, alas ! Pleasures of this Nature are not frequently to be met with on the *English* Stage.

THE *Athenians*, at a Time when they were the most polite, as well as the most powerful, Government in the World, made the Care of the Stage one of the chief Parts of the Administration : And I must confess, I am astonished at the Spirit of Virtue which appeared in that People, upon some Expressions in a Scene of a famous Tragedy, an Account of which we have in one of *Seneca's* Epistles. A covetous Person is represented speaking the common Sentiments of all who are possessed with that Vice in the following Soliloquy, which I have translated literally.

LET me be called a base Man, so I am called a rich one. If a Man is rich, who asks if he is good ? The Question is, How much we have, not from whence, or by what Means,

Means, we have it. Every one has so much Merit as he hath Wealth. For my own Part, let me be rich, O ye Gods! or let me dye. The Man dies happily, who dies increasing his Treasure. There is more Pleasure in the Possession of Wealth, than in that of Parents, Children, Wife or Friends.

THE Audience were very much provoked by the first Words of this Speech ; but when the Actor came to the Close of it, they could bear no longer. In short, the whole Assembly rose up at once in the greatest Consternation and Abhorrence.

FROM these few *Observations* may be seen both the Use and Abuse of the Stage. In the Close of these Memoirs, I shall consider most of the Objections which have been brought against the *English* Dramatical Performances of late Years.

AS to MRS. OLDFIELD'S Qualifications, as a Player, I shall give them in the Words of one who must be allowed to be an excellent Judge of them, *viz.*

“ THERE is no doing Right to Mrs. OLDFIELD, says Mr. CIBBER, * without put-

* In his Preface to the Provok'd Husband.

“ ting People in mind of what others, of
 “ great Merit, have wanted to come near
 “ her. It is not enough to say she *Here*,
 “ outdid her *usual* Excellence, § I might
 “ therefore justly leave her to the constant
 “ Admiration of those *Spectators*, who have
 “ the Pleasure of living while she is an Ac-
 “ tress. But as this is not the only time
 “ she has been the Life of what I have
 “ given the Public, so perhaps my saying a
 “ little more of so memorable an Actress, may
 “ give this Play a Chance to be read, when
 “ the People of this Age shall be Ancestors.
 “ May it therefore give Emulation to our
 “ Successors of the Stage, to know, that to
 “ the Ending of the Year 1727, a Co-
 “ temporary Comedian relates, that Mrs.
 “ OLDFIELD was, then, in her highest Ex-
 “ cellence of Action, happy in all the rarely-
 “ found Requisites, that meet in one Person
 “ to compleat them for the Stage. She
 “ was in Stature just rising to that Height,
 “ where the *Graceful* can only begin to shew
 “ itself; of a lively Aspect, and a Com-
 “ mand in her Mien, that like the principal
 “ Figure in the finest Paintings first seizes,
 “ and longest delights the Eye of the Spec-
 “ tator. Her Voice was Sweet, Strong,
 “ Piercing and Melodious; her Pronuncia-
 “ tion Voluble, Distinct and Musical; and

§ In the Character of Lady Townly.

“ her Emphasis always placed where the
“ Spirit of the Sense, in her Periods, only
“ demanded it. If she delighted more in the
“ higher Comic, than the Tragic Strain, it
“ was because the last is too often written in
“ a lofty Disregard of Nature. But in Cha-
“ racters of modern practised Life, she found
“ Occasions to add the particular Air and
“ Manner which distinguished the different
“ Humours she presented. Whereas in Tra-
“ gedy, the Manner of speaking varies, as
“ little as the Blank Verse it is written in.
“ She had *one* peculiar Happiness from *Nature*,
“ she looked and maintained the *Agree-*
“ *able* at a Time, when other fine Women
“ only raise Admirers by their *Understanding*.
“ The Spectator was always as much inform-
“ ed by her Eyes, as by her Elocution; for
“ the *Look* is the only Proof that an Actor
“ rightly conceives what he utters, there be-
“ ing scarce an Instance where the Eyes do
“ their Part, that the Elocution is known to
“ be faulty. The Qualities she had *acquired*,
“ were the *Genteel* and the *Elegant*. The
“ one in her *Air*, and the other in her
“ *Dress*, never had her Equal on the
“ Stage; and the Ornaments she herself pro-
“ vided, (particularly in this Play) seemed
“ the *Paraphernalia* of a Woman of Qua-
“ lity. And of that Sort were the Cha-
“ racters she chiefly excelled in; but her
“ natural good Sense, and lively Turn of
“ Conver-

“ Conversation made her Way so easy to
 “ Ladies of the highest Rank, that it is a
 “ Wonder, if, on the Stage, she sometimes
 “ *was*, what might have become the finest
 “ Woman in *real Life* to have supported.

C. CIBBER.

Theatre ROYAL,
 Jan. 27. 1727-8.

Mr. CIBBER might, with the strictest Justice, have pursued the latter Part of Mrs. OLDFIELD'S Character much farther; which I shall here conclude in the Words of Mr. FENTON upon a similar Occasion. “ † SHE
 “ was a Person whom *Nature* seemed to
 “ have sollicitously intended for a *Court*, and
 “ *Fortune* was equally industrious to accom-
 “ plish her Intentions.

† See *His Observations on Waller's Poems, in the Character of*
 GEO. VILLIERS, *Duke of Buckingham.*





MEMOIRS

Of the LIFE of

Mrs. Anne Oldfield.



R S. ANNE OLDFIELD was Born in *Pall-Mall*, in the Year, 1683. Her Grandfather was a Vintner, but on her Mother's Side She was well Descended. Her Father rode in the Guards, and I have heard had a Commission under King JAMES before he died. By the free way of his Living, he not only run out his Income, but likewise spent a very pretty Paternal Estate. His Daughter was put out to Mrs. *Wotton* a Sempstrefs in *King-street Westminster*, but her Genius for the Stage was predominant, as appeared by her continual reading and repeating Parts of Plays. Mrs. OLDFIELD being left in strait Circumstances She, and her Daughter, lived for some time with her Sister

Sister Mrs. Voss, who kept the Mitre Tavern in St. *James's* Market. She Married a Second Husband, one *Wood*. Her Daughter Mrs. ANNE OLDFIELD was introduced to Mr. CHRISTOPHER RICH, by the late Sir JOHN VANBRUGH, in the Year 1699. About which time Mrs. *Cross* having made an Excursion into *France*, with a certain Baronet, Mrs. OLDFIELD's *first* Appearance on the Stage was in a Part of Her's, *viz.* CANDIOPE, in *Secret Love*: Or, the MAIDEN QUEEN; a Tragi-Comedy, written by Mr. DRYDEN.

HER *Second* Appearance was in a more Capital Part, ALINDA, in the PILGRIM of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, in which Sir JOHN VANBRUGH made some *Alterations*, and Mr. DRYDEN wrote a MASQUE, to render the Revival of this Play more agreeable to the Town, together with a New *Prologue* and *Epilogue*. The PILGRIM was indeed revived for the Benefit of Mr. DRYDEN, *Ann.* 1700, but he dying on the third Night of its Representation, his Son attended the Run of it, and the Advantages accrued to his Family. About three Years after, upon the Decease of that eminent Actress Mrs. VERBRUGGEN, who died in Child-bed, Mrs. OLDFIELD succeeded her in the Part of Lady *Lurewell*, in the CONSTANT COUPLE: Or, a *Trip* to the *Jubilee*, written by Mr. FARQUHAR, which run Fifty two Nights. But
the

Engraved for the Universal Magazine.



S^R. JOHN VANBRUGH.

Printed for J. Hinton, at the Kings Arms, in Stateroster Row.



the Part that rendered Mrs. OLDFIELD's Excellence chiefly known to the Town, was that of Lady *Betty Modish*, in the CARELESS HUSBAND, a Comedy, written by Mr. CIBBER, in the Year 1704. In this Character it was that those two Qualities, before observed by Mr. CIBBER, of the *Genteel* and the *Elegant*, shone out in Mrs. OLDFIELD to their greatest Degree of Perfection; and the Character was so admirably suited to the natural and agreeable Manner of Conversation peculiar to Mrs. OLDFIELD, that almost every Sentence, in the Part, may with Justice be said to have been heard from her own Mouth before she pronounced it on the Stage. In short, it was not the Part of Lady *Betty Modish*, represented by Mrs. OLDFIELD; but it was the real Mrs. OLDFIELD, who appeared in the Character of Lady *Betty Modish*.

THE same Year, the Royal Company of Commedians went down to the *Bath*, where, among several Plays acted by them during the Season, Miss CAMPION not only by her Action, but her Singing and Dancing, had so far captivated the most noble WILLIAM Duke of *Devonshire*, Father of the late Duke, that he took her off the Stage. Of this Amour farther mention will be hereafter made; because it is intended that these Memoirs shall not only, with the utmost Fidelity, consist of a Recital of the peculiar Excellencies of Mrs. OLDFIELD, but likewise contain

contain a short digressiōnary History of the Fate and Fortunes of the most considerable Actresses during the same Period of Time: an Attempt which I hope will not be less useful than entertaining to every Reader.

It is well known that, about this Time, a strict Alliance of Friendship had commenced between ARTHUR MAYNWARING, Esq; and Mrs. OLDFIELD. Mr. *Oldmixon*, who wrote the Life of Mr. MAYNWARING, assures the Public, "That each of them
 " loved with a Passion, that could hardly
 " have been stronger, had it been both
 " *Her* and *His* first Love." * It was doubtless owing, in a great Measure, to his Instructions, that Mrs. OLDFIELD became so admirable a *Player*, for as no body understood the *Action* of the *Stage* better than himself, so no body took greater Pleasure than he to see her excel in it. He wrote several *Prologues* and *Epilogues* for her, and would always hear her rehearse them in private, before she spoke them in public: I shall insert Part of one † to which in the Speaking she gave an inimitable Turn of Humour; being an agreeable Display of the Manner how the Ladies would Govern under a *Feminine Monarchy*.

* See Mr. Maynwarings's LIFE, 8vo, pag. 43, &c.

† The Epilogue to the WIFE's Relief: Or, The HUSBAND's Cure. A Comedy. Written by Mr. Charles Johnson.

*Could we a Parliament of Women call,
We'd vote such Statutes as would tame ye all :
First, we'd resolve, that all those Marry'd Fellows,
Should Banishment endure, who durst be Jealous :
For tho' that curst Disease proceeds from Love's soft
(Passion,
Nothing should be a Crime, in Us, but Demonstration.*

*Next, that those Dull, Uncomfortable-Wights,
Who sleep all Morning, and who sot a' Nights,
Should find, when they reel Home with Surfeits cloy'd,
Their tender Wives with better Friends employ'd.*

*Lastly, the Man that breaks the Marriage-Vow,
(If any such, in this good House, you know)
For the first Time, should suffer a Divorce ;
Adieu those tempting Words — for Better and for
(Worse,
The Ladies should be free again to Wed,
And the False Men be naturally dead.*

*But hold ! what makes Me impotently rant ?
The Will we have — but O ! the Power we want :
And you, vile Husbands when these Threats you hear,
Will only grow worse Tyrants than you were.
Yet have a Care — for tho' we cannot make
Laws for Mankind, we can their Orders break.
The War, 'tis said, is drawing to an End ;
And not one WOMAN then can want a Friend.
The Brave will All to this dear Town repair,
And they were always Guardians of the Fair ;*

*By faithful Service to their Country done,
Our Sex's Favour they have fairly won;
And may they still have this propitious Doom
Conquest Abroad, and just Returns at Home.*

*These are our Wishes, — and if any here,
The glorious Character of SOLDIER bear;
I hope their Favour to this Play they'll show,
And pay our POET what to Us they owe.*

Mr. MAYNWARING's Friends, some of whom were of the highest Rank, of both Sexes, often blamed him, nay, have had such Quarrels with him concerning this Affair, that even Mrs. OLDFIELD her self has frequently represented to him, that it was for his *Honour* and *Interest* to break off their *Alliance*, which open Frankness, on her Side, did as he has often confessed, engage him to her the more firmly, and all his Friends at last, gave over importuning him to leave her. They saw, by her most engaging Manner, that she daily, and hourly, more and more entangled him in *Cupid's Nets*, and it must be allowed that Mr. MAYNWARING is not the only wise Man who has fallen a Victim to *Venus*. He really sustained a greater Weight of the public Affairs, than some whose Posts more immediately loaded them with the Burthen. His very great Intimacy and Friendship with my Lord Godolphin and the Duke of Marlborough,

borough, who were then at the Head of the Ministry, could not but necessarily involve him in Political Re-searches, and it was to unbend his Mind that he took Delight to pass some Hours with a Woman, whose Conversation was both soft and pleasant, and exactly agreeable to his own. It is not to be supposed that two Persons under such an Affectionate Alliance could meet without Consummation; and all the Quarter that is desired for Mr. MAYNWARING's Reputation in this Transaction of his Life, is, that none but the Innocent would condemn him. For what Mr. FENTON has observed of the *Primitive State*, may be justly applied to the Satisfaction they enjoyed in each other,

*Pure from Deceit, devoid of Fear and Strife,
While Love was all the pensive Care of Life.*

It cannot be denied, but this Amour was very expensive to Mr. MAYNWARING, tho' it was not the only erroneous Instance of his OEconomy. No Man could have a greater Contempt for Money, or abhorred what was mean and sordid more than he did: And it was wholly owing to his Generosity and Negligence of his own Affairs, that after he had so profitable a Post, as Auditor of the Imprest, conferred on him, yet he made no Addition to his Fortune. When he sold his Estate of *Ightfield* in *Shropshire*, to my Lord Kil-

murry, there was not, when the Mortgages were paid off, above Four Thousand Pounds left to be divided between him and his Sister. The Management of his Domestic Affairs he gave entirely up to his Sister and Servants; and those that knew what was the Conduct of his Family at *Whitehall*, never thought that he would be the richer for his Post. His Company was so much the Delight of the *Great*, the *Fair* and the *Gay*, that he was very little at Home. However, we must leave him for a while in the Business of his Post; made happy, at certain Intervals, by Mrs. OLDFIELD, in whose Conversation all his Political Fatigues were most agreeably alleviated.

A B O U T this Time, the *English* Stage met with as much Opposition as the *State*. Nothing would go down but *Italian* Operas, and indeed Mr. MAYNWARING, being a Lover of Music and a fine Performer himself, gave into this Polite Taste, and wrote the following *Prologue* to CAMILLA.

While Martial Troops, with more than Martial
(*Rage,*

For Austria these, for Bourbon those engage;
Cover with Blood th' unhappy Latian Plains,
Insult their Shepherds and oppress their Swains;
CAMILLA frighten'd from her native Seat,
Hither is driv'n to beg a safe Retreat.

*O may the exil'd Nymph a Refuge find !
Such as may ease the Labours of her Mind ;
Hear her, ye Fair, in tuneful Notes complain,
Pity her Anguish, and remove her Pain ;
To you her Vindication does belong,
To you the Mourner has address'd her Song.
Let her your Hearts with just Compassion move,
By Music soften'd and endear'd by Love ;
So may your Warriour Lords successful Fight,
May Honour crown the Day and Love the Night.
May Conquest still attend their generous Arms,
Till their Swords grow as fatal as your Charms.*

BUT let it here be observed, that tho' Mr. MAYNWARING'S Love of Music made him give some Encouragement to the *Italian* Operas ; yet he was a fast Friend, and vigorously pushed all his Interest, both for promoting and improving the Entertainment of the *English* Theatre, being truly sensible of this Remark,

*While NICOLINI like a Tyrant Reigns,
NATURE's neglected, and the STAGE in Chains. **

WE must now return to Mrs. OLDFIELD, rising every Season in Reputation, from her inimitable Performance, first acquired under

* Epilogue to the Careless Husband.

the Character of Lady *Betty Modish*, and in which she shined more, than in all the Parts wherein she had hitherto appeared.

THE Author of the CARELESS HUSBAND, thus impartially states the Case, to his most Noble Patron the Duke of ARGYLL, “ The
 “ best Criticks have long and justly com-
 “ plained, that the Coarseness of most Cha-
 “ racters in our late Comedies have been un-
 “ fit Entertainments for *People of Quality*,
 “ especially the LADIES : And therefore, *says*
 “ *he*, I was long in hopes that some able
 “ Pen, whose Expectation did not hang up-
 “ on the Profits of Success, would gene-
 “ rously attempt to *reform* the Town into a
 “ *better Taste* than the World generally al-
 “ lows them : But nothing of that Kind
 “ having lately appeared, that would give
 “ me an Opportunity of being wise at ano-
 “ ther’s Expence, I found it impossible any
 “ longer to resist the secret Temptation of
 “ my Vanity, and so e’en struck the first Blow
 “ my self : and the Event has now convinced
 “ me, *that whoever sticks close to Nature,*
 “ *cannot easily write above the Understand-*
 “ *ing of the Galleries, tho’ at the same*
 “ *time he may possibly deserve Applause of*
 “ *the Boxes.*”

THIS *Play*, before its Tryal on the Stage, was examined by several People of
 Quality,

Quality, who came into the Duke of ARGYLL's Opinion of its being a just, a proper, and diverting Attempt in Comedy ; but few of them carried the Compliment beyond their private Approbation : “ For, says Mr. CIBBER, when
 “ I was wishing for a little farther Hope,
 “ they stopt short of your GRACE's Penetration, and only *wisht* me what they
 “ seemed to *fear*, and you assured me of, a
 “ *General Success*. And, if the Dialogue of
 “ *this Comedy*, flows with a more easy Turn
 “ of Thought and Spirit, than what I have
 “ usually produced ; I shall not yet blame
 “ some People for saying *it is not my own*,
 “ unless they know at the same Time I owe
 “ most of it to the many stolen Observations
 “ I have made from your GRACE's manner of
 “ Conversing.”

I SHOULD not have dwelt so long on this Play, were it not the Period from whence we may date the Birth of Mrs. OLDFIELD as an Actress. And, to demonstrate, how exactly the Dramatical-Pencil has delineated her *real Character* under the *imaginary one*, of Lady *Betty Modish*, I shall, both for the Reader's Entertainment and Information, transcribe the *first* Scene of the *second* Act of the Play, between Lady *Modish* and Lady *Easy* ; wherein, the Descriptions given of the Allurements of Dress, and other captivating Charms, of Wit, Raillery, and Conversation,

versation, for which Mrs. OLDFIELD was so peculiarly remarkable, make it appear, self-evident, that none but *she* could have sat for the Picture.

IT must here be noted, that, the Summer before the Appearance of the CARELESS HUSBAND on the Stage, Mr. MAYNWARING and Mrs. OLDFIELD spent the recess of a whole long Vacation at *Windsor*, the Scene of that Comedy, where they lodged in the Castle, at the House of Mr. *John Sewell* Treasurer and Chapter-Clerk to the Dean and College. The Application of this Hint, I submit to the Reader's Judgment, and shall proceed to a Recital of the *Interview* between the *two Ladies* abovementioned, *viz.*

The SCENE Lady BETTY MODISH'S Lodgings at *Windsor*.

Enter Lady BETTY, and Lady EASY, meeting.

Lady BETTY.

O! my Dear! I am overjoy'd to see you! I am strangely happy to Day; I have just receiv'd my new Scarf from *London*, and you most critically come to give me your Opinion of it.

Lady

Lady EASY.

O! your Servant, Madam, I am a very indifferent Judge, you know: What, is it with Sleeves?

Lady BETTY.

O! 'tis impossible to tell you what it is! — Tis all Extravagance both in Mode and Fancy; my Dear, I believe there's Six Thousand Yards of Edging in it — Then such an Enchanting Slope from the Elbow — something so New, so Lively, so Noble, so Coquet and Charming — but you shall see it, my Dear —

Lady EASY.

Indeed I won't, my Dear; I am resolv'd to mortifie you for being so wrongly fond of a Trifle.

Lady BETTY.

Nay now, my Dear, you are Ill-natur'd.

Lady EASY.

Why truly, I'm half angry to see a Woman of your Sense, so warmly concern'd in the Care of her Outside; for when we have taken our best Pains about it, 'tis the Beauty of the Mind alone that gives us lasting Value.

Lady BETTY.

Ah! my Dear, my Dear! you have been a married Woman to a fine purpose indeed,

E

that

that know so little of the Taste of Mankind: Take my Word, a new Fashion, upon a fine Woman, is often a greater Proof of her Value, than you are aware of.

Lady EASY.

That I can't comprehend, for you see among the Men, nothing's more ridiculous than a new Fashion, those of the first Sense are always the last that come into it.

Lady BETTY.

That is, because the only Merit of a Man is his Sense; but doubtless the greatest Value of a Woman is her Beauty; an homely Woman at the Head of a Fashion, would not be allow'd in it by the Men, and consequently not follow'd by the Women: So that to be successful in one's Fancy, is an evident Sign of one's being admir'd, and I always take Admiration for the best Proof of Beauty, and Beauty certainly is the Source of Power, as Power in all Creatures is the height of Happiness.

Lady EASY.

At this rate you would rather be thought Beautiful than Good.

Lady BETTY.

As I had rather Command than Obey: The wisest homely Woman can't make a Man
of

of Sense of a Fool, but the veriest Fool of a Beauty shall make an Ass of a Statesman; so that, in short, I can't see a Woman of Spirit, has any Business in this World but to dress—— and make the Men like her.

Lady EASY.

Do you suppose this is a Principle the Men of Sense will admire you for?

Lady BETTY.

I do suppose, that when I suffer any Man to like my Person, he shan't dare to find Fault with my Principle.

Lady EASY.

But Men of Sense are not so easily humbled.

Lady BETTY.

The easiest of any; one has Ten thousand times the Trouble with a Coxcomb.

Lady EASY.

Nay, that may be; for I have seen you throw away more good Humour in hopes of a *Tendresse* from my Lord *Foppington*, who loves all Women alike, than wou'd have made my Lord *Morelove* perfectly happy, who loves only you.

Lady BETTY.

The Men of Sense, my Dear, make the best Fools in the World; their Sincerity and

good Breeding throws 'em so entirely into one's Power, and gives one such an agreeable Thirst of using 'em ill, to shew that Power — 'tis impossible not to quench it.

Lady EASY.

But methinks, my Lord *Morelove's* Manner to you might move any Woman to a kinder Sense of his Merit.

Lady BETTY

'Ay! but wou'd it not be hard, my Dear, for a poor weak Woman to have a Man of his Quality and Reputation in her Power, and not let the World see him there? Wou'd any Creature sit New dress'd all Day in her Closet? Cou'd you bear to have a sweet-fancy'd Suit, and never shew it at the Play, or the Drawing-Room?

Lady EASY.

But one wou'd not ride in't, methinks, or harraß it out, when there's no occasion.

Lady BETTY.

Pooh! my Lord *Morelove's* a meer *Indian* Damask, one can't wear him out; o' my Conscience I must give him to my Woman at last, I begin to be known by him: Had not I best leave him off, my Dear? for (poor Soul) I believe I have a little fretted him of late.

Lady

Lady EASY.

Now 'tis to me amazing, how a Man of his Spirit can bear to be us'd like a Dog for Four or Five Years together — but nothing's a Wonder in Love; yet pray, when you found you cou'd not like him at first, why did you ever encourage him?

Lady BETTY.

Why, what wou'd you have one do? for my part, I cou'd no more chuse a Man by my Eye, than a Shoe; one must draw 'em on a little to see if they are right to one's Foot.

Lady EASY.

But I'd no more fool on, with a Man I cou'd not like, than I'd wear a Shoe that pinch'd me.

Lady BETTY.

Ay, but then a poor Wretch tells one, he'll widen 'em, or do any thing, and is so civil and silly, that one does not know how to turn such a Trifle, as a Pair of Shoes, or an Heart, upon a Fellow's Hands again.

Lady EASY.

Well! I confess you are very happily distinguish'd among most Women of Fortune, to have a Man of my Lord *Morelove's* Sense and Quality so long and honourably in love with

with you: For now-a-days one hardly ever hears of such a thing as a Man of Quality, in Love with the Woman he wou'd marry: To be in Love now, is only having a Design upon a Woman, a modish way of declaring War against her Virtue, which they generally attack first, by Toasting up her Vanity.

Lady BETTY.

Ay, but the World knows that is not the Case between my Lord and me.

Lady EASY.

Therefore I think you happy.

Lady BETTY.

Now I don't see it, I'll swear I am better pleas'd to know there are a great many foolish Fellows of Quality that take occasion to toast me frequently.

Lady EASY.

I vow I shou'd not thank any Gentleman for toasting me, and I have often wonder'd how a Woman of your Spirit cou'd bear a great many other Freedoms I have seen some Men take with you.

Lady BETTY:

As how, my Dear? come, pr'ythee be free with me, for you must know, I love
dearly

dearly to hear my Faults — Who is't you have observ'd to be free with me?

Lady EASY.

Why, there's my Lord *Foppington*; cou'd any Woman but you, bear to see him with a respectful Fleeer stare full in her Face, draw up his Breath, and cry——Gad, you're handsome?

Lady BETTY.

My Dear, fine Fruit will have Flies about it; but, poor things, they do it no harm: For, if you observe, People are generally most apt to chuse that, that the Flies have been busie with, ha! ha!

Lady EASY.

Thou art a strange giddy Creature.

Lady BETTY.

That may be from so much Circulation of Thought, my Dear.

Lady EASY.

But my Lord *Foppington's* married, and one wou'd not fool with him for his Lady's sake; it may make her uneasie, and ——

Lady BETTY.

Poor Creature, her Pride indeed makes her carry it off without taking any Notice of it
to

to me; tho' I know she hates me in her Heart, and I can't endure malicious People, so I us'd to dine there once a Week, purely to give her Disorder; if you had but seen, when my Lord and I fool'd a little, the Creature look'd so ugly.

Lady EASY.

But I shou'd not think my Reputation safe; my Lord *Foppington's* a Man that talks often of his Amours, but seldom talks of Favours that are refus'd him.

Lady BETTY.

Pshah! will any thing a Man says make a Woman less agreeable? Will his Talking spoil one's Complexion, or put one's Hair out of Order? ——— and for Reputation, look you, my Dear, take it for a Rule, that as amongst the lower Rank of People, no Woman wants Beauty that has Fortune; so among People of Fortune, no Woman wants Virtue that has Beauty: But an Estate and Beauty join'd, is of an unlimited, nay, a Power Pontifical, makes one not only Absolute, but Infallible ——— A fine Woman's never in the wrong, or if we were, 'tis not the strength of a poor Creature's Reason that can unfetter him ——— O! how I love to hear a Wretch curse himself for loving on, or now and then coming out with a ———

“ Yet

“ Yet for the Plague of Human Race,
“ This Devil has an Angel's Face.

Lady EASY.

At this rate, I don't see you allow Reputation to be at all Essential to a fine Woman,

Lady BETTY.

Just as much as Honour to a great Man: Power always is above Scandal: Don't you hear People say, the King of *France* owes most of his Conquests to breaking his Word? and wou'd not the Confederates have a fine time on't, if they were only to go to War with Reproaches? Indeed, my Dear, that Jewel Reputation is a very fanciful Business; one shall not see an homely Creature in Town, but wears it in her Mouth as monstrously as the *Indians* do Bobs at their Lips, and it really becomes 'em just alike.

Lady EASY:

Have a Care, my Dear, of trusting too far to Power alone: For nothing is more ridiculous than the Fall of Pride; and Woman's Pride at best may be suspected to be more a Distrust, than a real Contempt of Mankind: For when we have said all we can, a deserving Husband is certainly our best Happiness; and I don't question but my Lord *Morelove's* Merit, in a little time, will make you think so too; for

F

whatever

whatever Airs you give your self to the World, I am sure your Heart don't want good Nature.

Lady BETTY.

You are mistaken, I am very ill-natur'd, tho' your good Humour won't let you see it.

Lady EASY.

Then to give me a Proof on't, let me see you refuse to go immediately and Dine with me, after I have promis'd Sir Charles to bring you.

Lady BETTY.

Pray don't ask me.

Lady EASY.

Why?

Lady BETTY.

Because, to let you see I hate good Nature, I'll go without asking, that you mayn't have the Malice to say I did you a Favour.

Lady EASY.

Thou art a mad Creature.

[*Ex. Arm in Arm.*]

IN this *Cbit-Chat* of Lady Betty Modish, may be found the fine Raillery of Mrs. OLD-FIELD. It was her Wit that made her Com-
pany.

pany always acceptable to Persons of the highest Rank; and as to her outward Appearance it was comely without Artifice, and her Address engaging without Affectation.

WE must now return to Mr. MAYNWARING, who being honoured by Mrs. OLDFIELD with the Birth of a Son; it was such a Rivet to CUPID'S Chains, as bound him much faster to his VENUS. However Mr. MAYNWARING made a serious Application of this natural Incident; and set a firm Resolution to himself of regulating his future Conduct. He reduced all his Expences to stated Allowances, and laid by a considerable Part of the Income of his Auditorship, saying, *He had been such a Fool as to despise Money till then, but now he would do as other Men did, and endeavour to grow Rich.* But this Resolution was formed too late; for, his Company was so much the Delight of the Great, the Fair and the Gay, that he was very little at home. He drank freely, and as his Wines were generally *Champagne* and *Burgundy*, it was to their corrosive Qualities that he imputed the ill State of Health he was fallen into; and has often spoken with Concern, of the Misfortune it had been to him, that People thought his Conversation so agreeable, as to expose him to Intemperance. However, Mrs. OLDFIELD by her Care, and tender Affection for him, prolonged his Life

some Years; and her Generosity has been so great, towards his Son, that she has, by her Last Will and Testament, bequeathed him a Legacy much more than double the Estate his Father left, besides other Provisions made for him. *

I SHALL now resume the Thread of my Dramatical Narrations, *viz.*

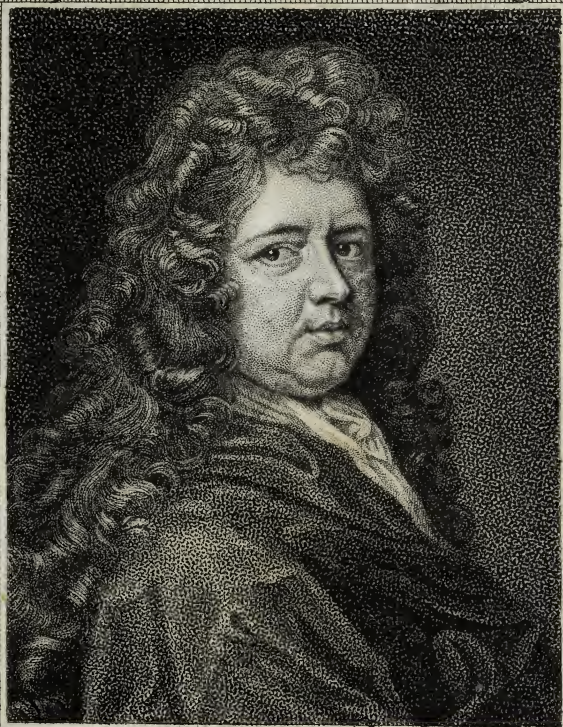
UPON Mrs. Cross's Excursion to *Paris*, as before mentioned, I remember a jocosè Distich in an *Epilogue* spoken by *Jo. Haines*, on that Occasion, *viz.*

*We're ruin'd quite, we are not worth one Souse,
We've lost the only Touch-Hole of our House.*

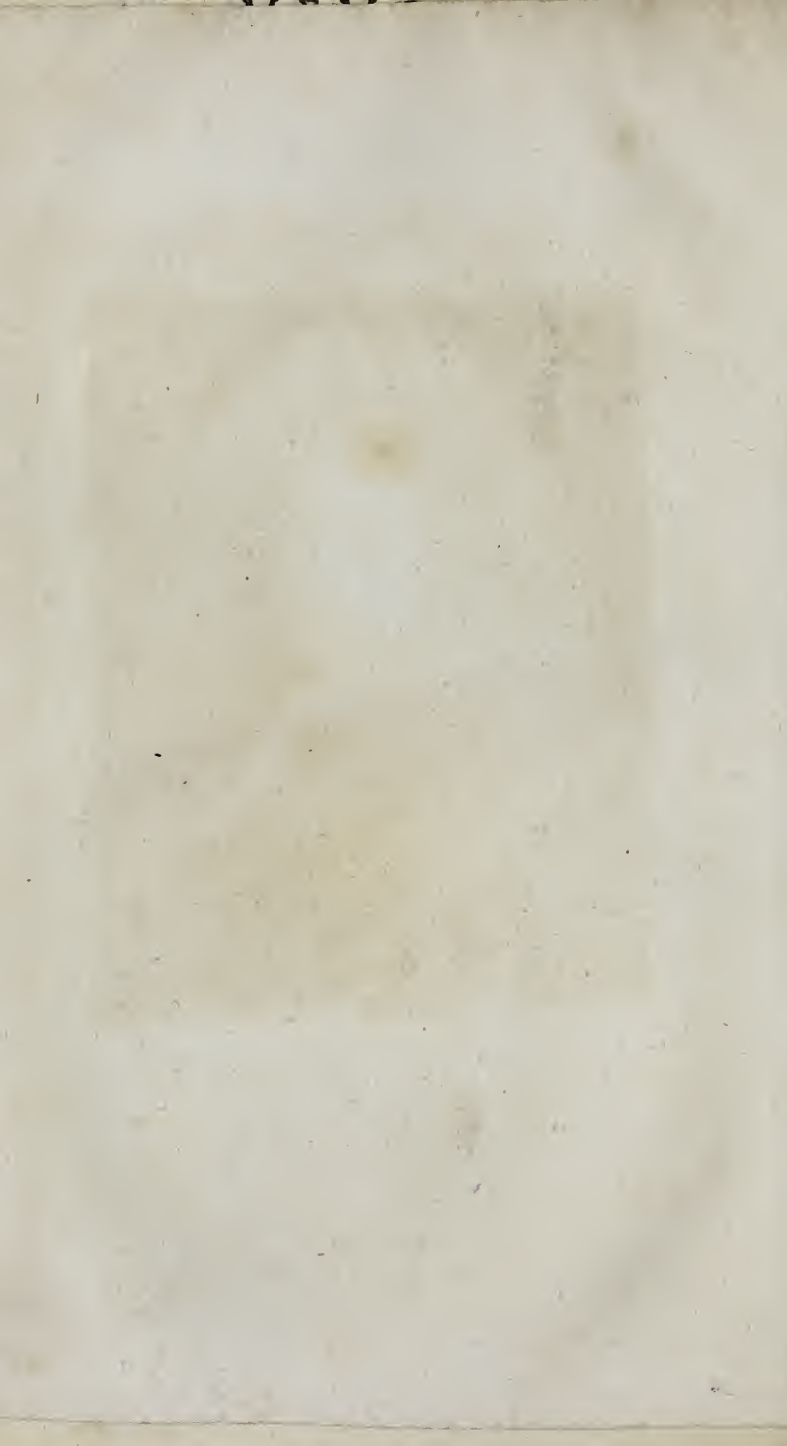
Mrs. Cross, last, belonged to the Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, and has been dead some Years.

LET us next view Mrs. OLDFIELD in the Tragic-Scene. In *PHÆDRA* and *HIPPOLITUS*, she appeared in Company suitable to her own, The *Dramatis Personæ*, of that excellent Play, consisted but of Four Men and Two Women, *viz.* Mr. Betterton, Mr. Booth, Mr. Keene, Mr. Corey; Mrs. Barrey and Mrs. Oldfield.

* See N^o. I. and II. of the Appendix.



BETTERTON.



PHÆDRA, says Mr. *Oldisworth* *, is a consummate Tragedy; and, the *Success* of it was as great, as the most sanguine Expectations of the Author's Friends could promise, or foresee. The *Number* of Nights, and the common Method of filling the *House*, are not always the surest Marks of judging what Encouragement a Play meets with: But the Generosity of all the Persons of a refined Taste about Town, was remarkable on this Occasion. And it must not be forgotten how zealously Mr. *Addison* espoused his Interest, with all the elegant Judgment and diffusive Good-Nature, for which that accomplished Gentleman was so justly valued by Mankind. But as to PHÆDRA, she has certainly made a finer Figure under Mr. *Smith's* Conduct, upon the *English* Stage, than either at *Rome* or *Athens*; and if she excels the *Greek* and *Latin* PHÆDRA, I need not be put to the trouble of saying she surpasses the *French* one, tho' embellished with whatever regular Beauties, and moving Softness, *Racine* himself could give her.

THE PROLOGUE to this TRAGEDY was written by Mr. *Addison*, and spoken by Mr. *Wilks*. The fine Turn of Raillery it contains against the *Italian* Theatre, will I

* See His Character of the Author, prefixed to his Works, pag. xiv.

think justify my transcribing it in this Place in Defence of the *English* one, viz.

*Long has a Race of Heroes fill'd the Stage,
That rant by Note, and thro' the Gamut rage;
In Songs and Airs express their martial Fire,
Combat in Trills, and in a Feuge expire;
While lull'd by Sound, and undisturb'd by Wit,
Calm and serene you indolently sit;
And from the dull Fatigue of Thinking free,
Hear the facetious Fiddles repartee:
Our home-spun Authors must forsake the Field,
And Shakespear to the soft Scarlatti yield.*

*To your New Taste the Poet of this Day
Was by a Friend advis'd to form his Play;
Had Valentini, musically coy,
Shun'd Phædra's Arms, and scorn'd the proffer'd
(Joy;
It had not mov'd your Wonder to have seen
An Eunuch fly from an enamour'd Queen:
How would it please, should she in English speak,
And could Hippolitus reply in Greek?
But he, a Stranger to your modish Way,
By your Old Rules must stand or fall to day,
And hopes you will your foreign Taste command,
To bear, for once, with what you understand.*

IN the Representation of the Play it self,
who could sit unmoved at a recital of the
Passions,

Passions of *Theseus's* Queen, or the Princess *Ismena*, for their *Hippolitus*, when a BARREY and an OLDFIELD were the Pleaders?

AND, who was not *pierced to the Heart* when *Ismena* pronounced these Lines?

*Let them be cruel that delight in Mischief,
I'm of a softer Mould, poor Phædra's Sorrows
Pierce thro' my yielding Heart and wound my
(Soul.*

*For could you think that open gen'rous Youth
Could with feign'd Love deceive a jealous Woman?
Could he so soon grow artful in dissembling?
Ah! Without doubt his Thoughts inspir'd his
(Tongue,
And all his Soul receiv'd a real Love.
Perhaps new Graces darted from her Eyes,
Perhaps soft Pity charm'd his yielding Soul,
Perhaps her Love, perhaps her Kingdom charm'd
(him;
Perhaps—Alas! how many things might charm
(him!*

THE Care of *Ismena*, to preserve *Hippolitus*, and the Resolution she forms of sharing his Fate, is thus inimitably expressed,

*O! haste away, my Lord, I go, I fly
Thro' all the Dangers of the boist'rous Deep.*

When

*When the Wind whistle thro' the crack'ling Masts,
When thro' the yawning Ship the foaming Sea
Rolls bubbling in; then, then I'll clasp thee fast,
And in transporting Love forget my Fear;*

*O! I will wander thro' the Scythian Gloom,
O'er Ice and Hills of everlasting Snow.*

*There when the horrid Darkneſs ſhall encloſe us,
When the bleak Wind ſhall chill my ſhiv'ring
(Limbs,*

*Thou ſhalt alone ſupply the diſtant Sun,
And chear my gazing Eyes, and warm my Heart.*

*Alas! my tender Soul would ſhrink at Death,
Shake with its Fears, and ſink beneath its Pains,
In any Cauſe but this—But now I'm ſteel'd,
And the near Danger leſſens to my Sight.*

*Now, if I live, 'tis only for Hippolitus,
And with an equal Joy I'll die to ſave him.*

*Yes, for his Sake I'll go a willing Shade,
And wait his coming in th' Elyſian Fields,*

And there enquire of each deſcending Ghoul,

*Of my lov'd Hero's Welfare, Life and Honour,
That dear Remembrance will improve the Blifs*

*Add to th' Elyſian Joys, and make that Heav'n
(more happy.*

THE Quotations I have here made, are to ſhow the admirable Diction of this Play, and to juſtify Mr. Addiſon's Censure, in the *TATLER*, of the want of Taſte in the Audience,



JOSEPH ADDISON ESQ.^R

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dience, for not encouraging this excellent Tragedy.

HOWEVER, Mrs. OLDFIELD dismissed them with the following elegant EPILOGUE written by Mr. Prior.

*Ladies, to-night your Pity I implore
For one who never troubled you before :
An Oxford Man, extremely read in Greek,
Whom from Eu—ripides makes Phædra speak ;
And comes to Town to let us Moderns know,
How Women lov'd two thousand Years ago.
If that be all, said I, e'en burn your Play,
I-gad we know all That as well as they :
Show us the youthful handsome Charioteer,
Firm in his Seat, and running his Career ;
Our Souls wou'd kindle with as gen'rous Flames,
As e'er inspir'd the antient Grecian Dames :
Ev'ry Ismena wou'd resign her Breast,
And ev'ry dear Hippolitus be blest.*

*But, as it is, Six flouncing Flanders Mares
Are e'en as good as any Two of theirs ;
And if Hippolitus can but contrive
To buy the gilded Chariot, John can drive.*

*Now of the Bustle you have seen to-day,
And Phædra's Morals in this Scholar's Play ;
Something, at last, in justice shou'd be said,
But this Hippolitus so fills one's Head.—*

*Well! Phædra liv'd as chastly as she cou'd,
 For she was Father Jove's own Flesh and Blood;
 Her aukward Love, indeed, was odly fated,
 She and her Poly were too near related;
 And yet that Scruple had been laid aside,
 If honest Theseus had but fairly dy'd:
 But when he came, what needed he to know,
 But that all Matters stood in Statu quo:
 There was no harm, you see; or grant there were,
 She might want Conduct, but he wanted Care.
 'Twas in a Husband little less than rude,
 Upon his Wife's Retirement to intrude:
 He shou'd have sent a Night or two before,
 That he wou'd come exact at such an Hour;
 Then he had turn'd all Tragedy to Jest,
 Found ev'ry thing contribute to his Rest;
 The Picquet Friend dismiss'd, the Coast all clear,
 And Spouse alone, impatient for her Dear.*

*But if these gay Reflections come too late
 To keep the guilty Phædra from her Fate,
 If your more serious Judgment must condemn
 The dire Effects of her unhappy Flame:
 Yet, ye chaste Matrons, and ye tender Fair,
 Let Love and Innocence engage your Care;
 My spotless Flames to your Protection take,
 And spare poor Phædra for Ismena's sake.*

Mrs. OLDFIELD gained an universal Applause by playing, *Ismena*, in this Tragedy.

Hippolitus

Engraved for the Universal Magazine.



MATTHEW PRIOR.

For J. Hinton at the King's Arms in Newgate Street.



The Character showed her in a Light of Perfection hardly to be expressed; and indeed every Part she acted was a Demonstration of her daily Improvement.

SOME Differences arising between Mr. *Rich* and his Company, they joined in, with the Company at the *Hay-market*, Acting under the Licence of *Vanbrugh* and *Congreve*, where Mrs. *Barrey* and Mrs. *Bracegirdle*, both famous in their Way, had been for some time; But Mrs. OLDFIELD'S Voice, Figure and Manner of Playing soon made *her* shine out, even here, the *brightest Star*. Upon the Preference being given to her in the *Benefit-Plays*, and other Disputes fomented among the Managers, Mrs. *Barrey* and Mrs. *Bracegirdle* entirely quitted the Business and left Mrs. OLDFIELD *sole Empress of the Stage*.

THE Season following, the *Revolters* returning to *Drury-Lane*, made up one compleat Company; and in the Spring came on Mr. *Phillips's* Tragedy, *THE DISTREST MOTHER*. Mrs. *Rogers*, an Actress, who in her Turn, had made a considerable Figure on the Stage; was designed the Part of (*Andromache, Hector's Widow, &c. i. e.*) the *Distrest Mother*. But the Author, as well as his Friends, were soon convinced that Mrs. OLDFIELD was infinitely the more ac-

complished Person for so Capital a Part. Upon its being given to Her, Mrs. *Rogers* raised a Posse of Profligates, fond of Tumult and Riot, who made such a Commotion in the House, that the Court hearing of it sent four of the Royal Messengers, and a strong Guard, to suppress all Disorders. This being effected, the Play was brought upon the Stage and crowned with deserved Success.

As Mr. *Smith* had introduced a *Greek* Tragedy upon our Theatre, Mr. *Philips* was willing to try what Reception would be given to a *French* one. *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*, is by much the superiour Performance, but the *Distrest Mother*, by Dramatical Management, to which Mr. *Smith* was an utter Stranger, greatly exceeded it in the Run, and, to do the *English* Author Justice, it is a good modern Play. I shall here let him speak for himself, viz,

“ * THIS Tragedy is formed upon an
 “ Original, which passes for the most finished
 “ Piece in this *kind* of Writing, that has
 “ ever been produced in the *French* Lan-
 “ guage. † It is written in a Stile very dif-
 “ ferent from what has been usually practised
 “ among us in Poems of this Nature. —

* See his Dedication to the Dutchess of MONTAGU.

† See his Preface.



ROBERT WILKS Esq^r.

complished Person for so Capital a Part. Up-
on its being given to Her, Mrs. *Rogers* raised

“ If I have been able to keep up to the
 “ Beauties of *Monsieur RACINE* in my At-
 “ tempt, and to do him no Prejudice in the
 “ Liberties I have taken frequently to vary
 “ from so great a Poet, I shall have no Rea-
 “ son to be dissatisfied with the Labour it has
 “ cost me to bring the compleatest of his
 “ Works upon the *English Stage*.

HOWEVER, I cannot think it improper, in this Place, to remark, that as full as Mr. *Philips* is of his *Elogiums* on *Monsieur RACINE*, yet at the same time *Euripides* is acknowledged to be the Original Author. So that the *Distrest Mother* has two Passports for her safe Arrival in *Great Britain*.

THE PROLOGUE to this Play was written by Sir *Richard Steele*, and spoken by Mr. *Wilks*.

*Since Fancy of it self is loose and vain,
 The Wise by Rules that airy Power restrain :
 They think those Writers mad, who at their Ease
 Convey this House and Audience where they please ;
 Who Nature's stated Distances confound,
 And make this Spot all Soils the Sun goes round :
 'Tis nothing, when a fancy'd Scene's in view,
 To skip from Covent-Garden to Peru.*

But Shakespear's self transgress'd ; and shall each
(Elf,
Each Pigmy Genius, quote great Shakespear's self !
What

*What Critick dares prescribe what's just and fit,
Or mark out Limits for such boundless Wit!
Shakespear could travel thro' Earth, Sea and Air,
And paint out all the Powers and Wonders there.
In barren Desarts He makes Nature smile,
And gives us Feasts in his Enchanted Isle.*

*Our Author does his feeble Force confess,
Nor dares pretend such Merit to transgress;
Does not such shining Gifts of Genius share,
And therefore makes Propriety his Care.
Not only Rules of Time and Place preserves,
Your Treat with study'd Decency he serves;
But strives to keep his Characters intire,
With French Correctness and with British Fire.*

*This Piece presented in a Foreign Tongue,
When France was Glorious, and her Monarch young,
A hundred times a crowded Audience drew;
A hundred times repeated, still 'twas new.*

*Pyrrhus provok'd, to no wild Rants betray'd,
Resents his generous Love so ill repai'd;
Does like a Man resent, a Prince upbraid.
His Sentiments disclose a Royal Mind,
Nor is he known a King from Guards behind.*

*Injur'd Hermione demands Relief;
But not from heavy Narratives of Grief:
In conscious Majesty her Pride is shown;
Born to avenge her Wrongs, but not bemoan.*

Andromache

Andromache — *If in our Author's Lines,
As in the great Original she shines,
Nothing but from Barbarity she fears.
Attend with Silence ; you'll applaud with Tears.*

HAVING before observed, that, *Phædra* and *Andromache* are, Both, the Children of *Euripides* ; I shall here observe, that the kind Entertainment they met with on the *English* Stage, was chiefly owing to Mrs. BARREY, and Mrs. OLDFIELD ; whose manner of speaking the very humourous EPILOGUE written by Mr. *Budgell* greatly contributed to the Run of the last Play ; and which whenever revived, the Audience always have insisted on.

*I hope you'll own, that with becoming Art
I've play'd my Game, and topp'd the Widow's Part.
My Spouse, poor Man ! could not live out the Play,
But dy'd commodiously on Wedding-Day :
While I, his Relict, made at one bold Fling
My self a Princess, and young Sty a King.*

*You Ladies, who protract a Lover's Pain,
And hear your Servants sigh whole Tears in vain ;
Which of you all would not on Marriage venture,
Might she so soon upon her Jointure enter ?*

*'Twas a strange Scape ! had Pyrrhus liv'd till
(now,
I had been finely hamper'd in my Vow.*

*To dye by one's own Hand, and fly the Charms
Of Love and Life in a young Monarch's Arms!
'Twere an hard Fate—ere I had undergone it
I might have took one Night—to think upon it.*

*But why, you'll say, was all this Grief exprest
For a first Husband, laid long since at Rest?
Why so much Coldness to my kind Protector?*

*—Ah Ladies! had you known the good Man
(Hector!*

*Homer will tell you (or I'm mis-inform'd)
That, when enrag'd the Grecian Camp he storm'd,
To break the ten-fold Barriers of the Gate
He threw a Stone of such prodigious Weight,
As no two Men could lift, not even of those,
Who in that Age of thund'ring Mortals rose :
—It would have sprain'd a Dozen modern Beaus.* }

*At length howe'er I laid my Weeds aside,
And sunk the Widow in the well-dress'd Bride.
In you it still remains to grace the Play,
And blest with Joy my Coronation-Day :
Take then, ye Circles of the Brave and Fair,
The Fatherless and Widow to your Care.*

I MUST now relate the melancholy part-
ing of two sincere Friends. Notwithstand-
ing Mrs. OLDFIELD's great Care and Con-
cern for Mr. MAYNWARING's Welfare, his
Negligence of himself brought upon him a
violent Relapse of his former Indisposition,
which

which daily increased, infomuch that his Friends began to despair of his Recovery.

SUCH was the Inveteracy of Party-Malice at this Time, that, (because Mr. MAYNWARING was chiefly concerned in writing the *MEDLEY*) the *EXAMINER*, in one of his Papers, upbraided him, even with his *sickly Constitution*, which however was not owing to any *Debaucheries*, as he had maliciously represented.

Mr. MAYNWARING had Lodgings at *Hampstead*, and rode out every Day, hoping for some Benefit by that most healthful Exercise. But, upon paying a Visit to her Grace the Dutchess of *Marlborough*, at her Seat near *St. Albans*, he caught so violent a Cold by walking too late in the Gardens, and it increased upon him so fast, that it was his own Opinion, it would finish what his former Illness had began. His Physicians, Sir *Samuel Garth* and Sir *Richard Blackmore*, expressed very small Hopes of his Recovery, which gave the more Cause of Apprehension to his Friends, for both those Gentlemen were among the first of that Number, and as much concerned in Friendship as Practice, to save him if possible. His Relations would have Dr. *Radcliffe* consulted, and the late Earl of *Oxford* happening to see the Doctor before he had been with Mr. MAYNWARING, spoke thus to him—
Pray Doctor take Care of that Gentleman,

as one of the most valuable *Lives* in England. Indeed Mr. MAYNWARING was at last so much obliged by that Minister's good Offices and Civilities, that he declared, if he should recover, *he would never more draw his Pen against him.* But it was out of the Power of Physic to help him, his inward Decay was so great. He was thrown into such a languishing Condition, that tho' his Distemper was not then thought to be a *Consumption*, yet it had all the Symptoms and Effects produced by one. He was visited in this his last Sickness, by all the great People of both Sexes, who had the Happiness of his Acquaintance, tho' he was able to see but few of them. And it is to his Glory, that the *Greatest Lady in England*, wept often by his Bed-side, which Tears he mutually returned, being *sensible* how much he owed to such an Illustrious Mourner, when he was sensible of little or nothing else. He had not Words to express the Transport he felt, when he was almost even in the Agony, to see himself so far in the good Graces of a Lady of such high Rank and Merit, as that his Danger should strike her Dumb, and leave it to her Eyes to express the Sorrow of her Heart. It is supposed he would fain have endeavoured to have broke thro' the Excess of his Grief, and formed some Utterance for it, but his Sister remained in the Room. This Emotion of his was the more
extraordi-

nary, on account of a slight Misunderstanding at that Time, between him and this Great Lady. He had given her some Cause of Disgust, but was not conscious to himself in what, and it is thought, that his Perplexity about it contributed somewhat to the Increase of his Distemper. He did all in his Power to express his Concern for the unknown Offence, but he was too near Death, and in a few Hours after she had left him, he expired in the Arms of his Servant Mr. *Thomas Wood*, now Treasurer of the Theatre in *Lincolns-Inn* Fields, on the 13th of *November*, 1712, in the Prime of his Age, being but 44 Years old.

AFTER his Decease, a most scandalous and false Rumour was spread, chiefly levelled at Mrs. OLDFIELD, that he died of a Venereal Malady. But to obviate so ungenerous a Reflection, his Body, by her Direction, was opened by two Surgeons — Mr. *Bussiere* and Mr. *Browne*; in the Presence of two Physicians, Dr. *Beeston* and Dr. *West*; and of his Apothecary Mr. *Buckeridge*.

THESE Gentlemen, all, declared, that there was not the least Symptom of any thing *Venereal*, but that he died of a Consumption. He had in his Life-time, heard the Whisperings of malicious Rumour, charging him with such an Indisposition; but, he once complained very pathetically to Me that he was not conscious of any such Distemper,

H 2

confessing

confessing at the same time, that, in the Reign of King WILLIAM, he had made an unfortunate Sally in an Amour, which gave him a slight Taint at *Paris*, 1698, that he was only patcht up there, but afterwards, perfectly cured at *London*, since which Time he had never had any such Misfortune.

IT is the Duty of an Historian to speak the Truth, as far as it comes to his Knowledge, and as great a Veneration as I have for Mr. MAYNWARING's Memory, I could not avoid mentioning even this Blemish of it; in Justice, and to clear up the unjust Aspersions cast on Mrs. OLDFIELD.

IT was not long before his Death, that he made his Will, all which he wrote with his own Hand, and to which his Apothecary Mr. *Buckeridge* and his Servant Mr. *Wood*, were Witnesses when it was executed at Mrs. OLDFIELD's House in *Southampton Street Covent-Garden*. He charged them not to take any Notice of what they knew, which however was little enough, for he intrusted no body with the Secret of his having made Mrs. OLDFIELD his Executrix, tho' by her Behaviour to him, he could not in Justice do otherwise on his Son's Account, nor could any Woman better deserve, all that was in his Power to give, of which Truth, his Son is a living Witness.

NOTWITHSTANDING the Clamour his Will made, after his Decease; himself who best knew

knew what he had to leave her, could not imagine such a Stir would have been made about so small an Estate. He was far from dying Rich, leaving very little more than Three Thousand Pounds behind him, which he divided equally between his Sister, his Son's Mother, and the Child, who, in Feature and Vivacity, was very like his Father. Often have I heard Mr. MAYNWARING bemoan the Child, and say, *What will become of the Boy when I am gone.* This Anxiety proceeded from the *Little* he possessed. It is true he had such a noble Contempt of the Goods of Fortune, that he never took Care to make one, nor ever resolved to grow Rich.

HAD I a Talent for Panegyric, I could be proud of this Opportunity to do Justice to the Memory of a Gentleman, whose Name would be Immortal, had not his Modesty been as great as his Merit; had he not contented himself with the *Pleasure* of Writing, and resigned the *Glory* of it to others. As to the Author of the MEDLEY, the EXAMINER was obliged to allow that he wrote with a *Tolerable Spirit, and in a Masterly Style.* A *Spirit*, indeed, which has not many Equals, and a *Style* worthy the Imitation of the greatest Masters. His Learning, was without Pedantry; His Wit, without Affectation; His Judgment, without Malice; His Friendship, without Interest; His Zeal, without Violence; in a Word, he was the
best

best Subject, the best Friend, the best Relation, the best Master, the best Critic, and the best Political Writer in *Great Britain*.

SHORTLY after his Decease, was published, a *Defense of Mr. MAYNWARING, In a Letter to a Friend*. It was, Mr. *Oldmixon* asserts *, supposed to be written by the Right Honourable *Robert Walpole*, Esq; and is not unworthy so good a Hand for its Generosity, Spirit and Elegance, viz.

SIR,

I write to you upon a Circumstance, for which it is the Interest of all Mankind to be concerned. The Public is under the Administration of its respective Ministers and Officers, who are obliged by their Posts to consult the true Welfare of it. But Incidents which happen alike to all, and from which no Man can be exempt, fall under every Man's Care, and are to be considered and laid home to the Bosom of every Man breathing. It is incumbent upon each individual Person, for his own sake to *defend* the *Absent*; but much more so to *defend* the *Dead*, who are to be *absent for ever*. I have Reasons for thinking I am called to this Duty upon the accidental Perusal of a virulent Libel, † wherein the Author after much Discourse

* See the Posthumous Works of Mr. MAYNWARING, published by him, pag. 351.

† See the EXAMINER, February 9th, 1713.

about *himself*, has (alluding to a Gentleman who lately departed this Life) the following Words, *viz.* “Suppose I were also to tell the World, That the most active Enemy against this *Paper*, was *one* who got to be poor in the *Jacobite Cause*, and then run over into *Two* desperate Extreame, and was resolved at once to grow Rich and Honest in the Cause of the *Whigs*. That outlived his Works a little too long; till having parted with Religion and Morality, he threw away his Honour in a careless manner after it, together with his Humanity and natural Affection to a kind Sister, his Estate, Fortune, and even the Vouchers belonging to his Office: All which were bestowed, as Monumental Legacies of *Whig Honesty*, on a celebrated ACTRESS, who is too much admired *upon the Stage*, to have any Enquiry made into her Conduct *behind the Curtain*.”

THE Person here levelled at, (Mr. *Maynwaring*) was, in his younger Days, tinctured with *Jacobitism*; an Error no Man ever renounced more heartily, and with greater Abhorrence of it than he did. He was a Man of great Modesty, and could not exert himself in Public Places, or in mixt Company; but when, in Process of time, his Talents grew conspicuous, in spite of a bashful Nature, he was invited and courted into

into a Familiarity with Men in the highest Power, and of the greatest Abilities in the Kingdom, to whom his Conversation was both a Pleasure and a Service. Then it was that his Words and Actions first began to manifest the Principles in which he lived and died. He had the highest Obligations to that great Minister, *Sidney*, Earl of *Godolphin*, Lord High Treasurer, and enjoyed by his Favour, an Office for Life. (*Auditor of the Imprest*) After the Removal of that noble Lord from the Treasury, the EXAMINER thought fit to disparage his Services, by Insinuations and Reflections, which the Gentleman of whom we are talking, had too much Gratitude to hear without Indignation. This I take to be the Provocation which moved the EXAMINER to utter this reproachful Language against him; among which he falls into the Error of saying, *He outlived his Works; but Works of his which outlive him*, will let us into the *Secret* of this *cruel Behaviour*. The MEDLEY was often written by (Mr. MAYNWARING) this *Active Enemy* of the EXAMINER, in which so many gross *Falshoods* of that Writer, were detected,* that he had recourse to *Detraction* rather than a *just Defense* of himself, for which he had been called upon by Mr. MAYNWARING in several subsequent Papers.

* MEDLEY N^o. 41, *Relating to the Act of Indemnity*. See also MEDLEY N^o. 443 *concerning the State Loans*.

FROM hence it appears, that the EXAMINER'S Treatment of this Gentleman, is as just as it would be in a Felon, to publish a Libel against the late Lord Chief Justice *Holt*, for passing Sentence upon him to be burnt in the Cheek. The EXAMINER has Sense enough, tho' not Grace enough to know, that to *deserve*, not to *suffer* Punishment, is truly shameful; but none but a Man enraged, as in the supposed Case of the Felon, and incapable of Remorse and Shame, could forget all Regards to the Advantage his Adversary had in the Dispute, all Tenderness with Relation to a Man's private Affairs, so far as to mention the Particulars of the Gentleman's *Sister*, and his Passion for an *Actress*. This Account with his *Sister*, I am very sure the EXAMINER can be no Judge of, nor any one but the Gentleman himself. The Offence his Passion (for Mrs. OLDFIELD) gave, to all who esteemed him, is to be lamented but not to be mentioned, with these Aggravations, especially after his Death, and that when he who speaks, professes himself an Enemy. But the EXAMINER takes upon him to be a *Champion* for the *Church*, and must not allow such Sins to be Venial, yet at the same time he should have considered, that the other Party would recriminate, and have reflected, that there are too many of the EXAMINER'S *side*, who do not behave themselves as if they were under *Vows* of *Chastity*.

I

I know

I know a *sly one* among his great Friends, that loves a Wench as well as ever did old *Rozley*. (King CHARLES II.) Besides *him*, there is *another* who finds Leisure from his weighty Affairs to strolc among the Stews, or as some will have it, neglects his writing now and then, to Toy with the Business of a Nation. But this dull Fellow, the EXAMINER, has so little Sense of what the impartial World thinks of him and his Performances, that he gives himself an Air of Talking by way of good Humour. In the beginning of the same Paper, * the pretty Wanton is in a laughing-Vein, and with a very gay Heart rallies us, for a Curiosity he supposes we have to know the *Name, Profession, Trade, Quality, Complexion, or Sex* of the *Author* of the EXAMINER. This Author has indeed been very much talked of; a ¹. Woman, a ². Divine, and ³. Two or Three Gentlemen, have been suspected, but no Person that had any Pretensions to Modesty, Piety, or Integrity, has been once named on this Occasion. † The Folly of the Fellow is monstrous, to pretend to speak of *Wenching*, considering how the World is affronted as to this Vice at present. It is certain there never has been lewder

* Viz. The EXAMINER, of Feb. 9th, 17¹²/₁₃, abovementioned.

† It is now well known, that the Persons concerned in carrying on the Examiner, were 1. Mrs. Manley. 2. Dr. Swift. 3. Lord Bolingbroke, Mr. Prior, and Mr. Oldisworth. Messieurs Pope and Arbuthnot often laid their Hands to the same Plow, and some others of their Clan.

Creatures than many who are now in Vogue, and I am afraid *one* or *other* of them has a Design upon the *celebrated Actress* above-mentioned, else why does he fear to make *any Enquiry into her Conduct behind the Curtain*? If the *Whigs* do lose her, they will bear it with the Patience that they have already the Defection of some Others, tho' of greater Quality, and higher Obligations to be constant to us; but I speak this only from general Rumour; for I do not believe *she* is gone off, so far from it, that I am credibly informed *she* has refused great Sums, because *she* insists upon her *Lover's* voting on our Side; they are, it seems, both still firm to their Honour, but I would lay on the Woman's Side, were it not that all *Wagers* relating to *Politicks* are forbidden by *Act* of *Parliament*.

I am,

S I R,

Your's, &c.

I THINK my self obliged to take off the EXAMINER's last Aspersions on Mr. *Maynwaring* (not spoken to in the foregoing excellent Defense) it is this most notorious Falshood that,—*He threw away the Vouch-*

ers of his Office, which I hereby solemnly declare he never could do, as never having a *Voucher* in his Custody, therefore could not lose one. This being a *Charge* always committed by the *Auditors* to their *Officers*; and Mr. *Maynwaring's* Deputies were known to be Men of the most scrupulous Care imaginable. He *himself* being esteemed by all who knew him, for which I particularly appeal to the *Commissioners* of the *Customs*, to be the most exact of any Man in all the Affairs he undertook. Indeed it was impossible for it to be otherwise, there not being, in his Time, a Gentleman of better Sense, more solid Judgment, and quicker Dispatch in Business, during the Intervals of Wit and Pleasure.

A TRUE Copy of his *last Will and Testament*, hereunto annexed, sufficiently justifies the regular and honest Disposition of that small Fortune whereof he died possessed.

HAVING thus vindicated the Memory of this excellent Person, as well as Mrs. OLD-FIELD'S Behaviour to him, I shall not presume to add any thing farther of my own to his Character, but conclude with letting the Reader know that Mr. MAYNWARING'S Corps was interred in the Church of *Chertsey* in the County of *Surrey*, where his Grand-Father (Sir *Arthur Maynwaring*) and his Father (*Charles Maynwaring*, Esq;) were likewise buried; and where they had heretofore a
 plentiful

plentiful Estate and fine Seat. His Obsequies were performed with great Privacy, answerable more to his Modesty than his Merit: He never affected Pomp living, and Those who had the Direction of his Funeral took care to fulfil this his last, Request as they had done all others in his Life time, with the utmost Justice and Honour.

HE was Born at *Ightfield*, in the County of *Salop*, *Ann.* 1668, *Obiit* 1712; *Ætat.*

XLIV. Those who are desirous to know more Particulars concerning Him, and his Writings, may consult his Life and Posthumous Works published by Mr. *Oldmixon*, in the Year 1715, 8vo.

THE *Distrest Mother* seemed now to be the Case of Mrs. OLDFIELD both on, and off, the Stage. For, tho' the *Town-Talk* was wholly bent upon Mr. MAYNWARING's making her Executrix of his Will, it must surely be acknowledged that Two Thousand Pounds was no such mighty Sum to bring up an Orphan, from Seven Years old, suitable to the most ardent Wishes of his Father, which, in every respect, his Mother has fully accomplished.

I THINK I cannot close the Subject in debate more properly, than by applying to all *Intermedlers*, in Affairs which no ways concern them, a short ESSAY of Mr. MAYNWARING's, in the MEDLEY N^o. 33,

Of MODESTY and JUSTICE.

THERE is a *Law* mentioned by PLATO, which JUPITER is said to have enacted in his own Name; *That, if any Man appeared plainly to be incapable of Modesty or Justice, he should immediately be knocked o' the Head as a common Pestilence.* The Account PLATO gives of it is as follows, viz.

HE is describing the first State of Human Society: How *Mankind* built Towns to defend themselves from *Beasts*; and how, in a more than brutal manner, they afterwards fell upon one another: And at last, he says, JUPITER justly fearing that the whole Race of *Mankind* would be destroyed, ordered MERCURY to go to them, and to carry along with him *Modesty* and *Justice*, as the best Support and Ornament of their New-built Cities, and the firmest Bond of their own mutual Friendship. MERCURY upon this Occasion asked JUPITER, in what manner he should bestow *Justice* and *Modesty* upon *Mankind*: Whether, said he, as the *Arts* are divided, shall I also divide these *Virtues*, which are indeed of two Kinds, and shall I give to some Men *one*, to some the *other*; as we see by Experience, that one skilful Physician is sufficient for a great many of the Ignorant, and so of other *Arts* and *Professions*? or, shall I so divide them among the whole Race of *Mankind*,



Sir Godfrey Kneller pinx.

Collyer sculp.

ALEXANDER POPE ESQ.^R
Ætatis 24.

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kind, as that every *single* Person may have a Share in them? Divide them in *that* manner, says JUPITER, and let *all Mankind* be Partakers of them: For if these *Virtues* were only conveyed to a *few*, as the *Arts* and *Sciences* are given, it would be impossible for any *Cities* to subsist. Therefore I would have you go farther, and establish a Law in my Name, *That, whoever cannot be made to partake of Modesty and Justice, shall be destroyed as a Plague of the Republick.*

THE Application of this most excellent *Fable*, is, that it would be much more commendable in all Persons to have the *Modesty* of leaving the Administration of *Justice* to those, to whom it peculiarly belongs, and to mind only their own Business.

TO return to the Stage. Before this time, Mr. *Betterton* and Mrs. *Barrey* had not only quitted the Theatre but also the Stage of Life. I remember a Passage in Mr. POPE's *Familiar Letters* to his Friend *Henry Cromwell*, Esq; that upon hearing of Mr. *Betterton*'s Death, he says, "He would have put over him this Sentence of *Tully* for an Epitaph."

*Vitæ benè Actæ jucundissima est Recordatio.**

It being, I presume, in that Gentleman's Opinion an Universal one for all *Players*.

* *A Life well Acted is the best Remembrance.*

THE next Capital Part, in which Mrs. OLDFIELD adorned the *British Theatre*, was in that beautiful Transition from *Hector's Widow*, to become a Queen of *England*. This was in Mr. *Philips's* Tragedy of *HUMFREY Duke of Gloucester* *, wherein she acted *Margaret*, Queen to King *Henry VI.* and spoke the following *Epilogue*, viz.

*The Business of an Epilogue they say,
Is to destroy the Moral of the Play :
To wipe the Tears of Virtue from your Eyes ;
And make you Merry,—lest you should grow Wise.*

*Well !—You have heard a dismal Tale I own.
It, almost, makes One dread—to lie, alone.*

*Ruffians, and Ghosts, and Murder, and Despair,
May chase more pleasing Visions from the Fair.*

*Wives can awake their Husbands, in their Fright :
But, if poor Damsels be disturb'd by Night ;*

*How shall They (helpless Creatures !) Lay the
(Spright ?*

*Forget it all ;—and Beaufort's Crime forgive :
Duke Humfrey was—too Good a Man, to Live.*

*And, yet ;—his Merit rightly understood ;
We, now have Store of Patriots, full as good !*

*Great Souls ; Who, for their Country's-Sake
(would be content,*

Their Spouses should be doom'd to Banishment.

* Mr. Philips, wrote a Tragedy (between This and The Distress Mother) called *The BRITON*. But, Mrs. OLDFIELD had no Part in it.

*Since Chronicles have drawn our Duke so tame;
Is Eleanor if she survives, to blame?*

A Widow knows the Good, and Bad, of Life:

And, has it in her Choice, to be or not to be, a
(Wife!

Virgins, impatient, cannot stay to chuse;

They risque it all; — not having much to lose! —

I mean,—such Nymphs, as sigh in rural Shades;

No Midnight Shepherdes, at Masquerades:

Or, such ill-fated Maids, as pine in Grottoes;

And, never had th' Experience of Ridottoes!

Where, (notwithstanding they their Market smo-
(ther)

Some gain one Trinket; and some, lose another.

These Novelties, with Grief, considerate Women
(see:

For, should Italian Modes prevail; pray what are
(We?

How oft do Men our tender Spirits vex,

By telling us; We are a trifling Sex!

Yet, — I am told, Philosophers maintain;

Nature makes not the smallest Thing, in vain,

And, let demurest Prudes say, what they will;

The Best of Women, would be Women, still.

THE Reader, I presume, will easily perceive the Reason of my mentioning the *Distrest Mother*, next to *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*, as being both transplanted from *Euripides*; otherwise, according to the Chronology of the Stage, Mr. Addison's CATO
K should

should have preceded all Mr. *Philips's* Tragedies. I am also to acquaint the Publick, that I have been desired, in the Course of these Memoirs, to insert the principal *Prologues*, which have been written by eminent Hands, spoken by Mr. WILKS; and most of the *Epilogues* spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD, Digressions equally useful and entertaining.

PROLOGUE to CATO, written by Mr. POPE, spoken by Mr. WILKS who acted JUBA.

TO wake the Soul by tender Strokes of Art,
 To raise the Genius, and to mend the Heart,
 To make Mankind in conscious Virtue bold,
 Live o'er each Scene, and Be what they behold:
 For this the Tragic-Muse first trod the Stage,
 Commanding Tears to stream thro' every Age;
 Tyrants no more their Savage Nature kept,
 And Foes to Virtue wonder'd how they wept.
 Our Author shuns by vulgar Springs to move
 The Hero's Glory, or the Virgin's Love;
 In pitying Love we but our Weakness show,
 And wild Ambition well deserves its Woe.
 Here Tears shall flow from a more gen'rous Cause,
 Such Tears as Patriots shed for dying Laws:
 He bids your Breasts with Ancient Ardor rise,
 And calls forth Roman Drops from British Eyes.
 Virtue confess'd in human Shape he draws,
 What Plato Thought, and God-like Cato Was:

*No common Object to your Sight displays,
But what with Pleasure Heav'n it self surveys;
A brave Man struggling in the Storms of Fate,
And greatly falling with a falling State!
While Cato gives his little Senate Laws,
What Bosom beats not in his Country's Cause?
Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry Deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæsar 'midst triumphal Cars,
The Spoils of Nations, and the Pomp of Wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently Great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's Figure drawn in State,
As her dead Father's reverend Image past,
The Pomp was darken'd, and the Day o'ercast,
The Triumph ceas'd——Tears gush'd from ev'ry Eye,
The World's great Victor pass'd unheeded by;
Her Last good Man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's Sword.*

*Britons attend: Be Worth like this approv'd,
And show you have the Virtue to be mov'd,
With honest Scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning Arts from Greece, who she subdu'd:
Our Scene precariously subsists too long,
On French Translation and Italian Song.
Dare to have Sense your selves; Assert the Stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own Native Rage.
Such Plays alone should please a British Ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.*

Mrs. OLDFIELD acted the Part of MARTIA;
and Mrs. PORTER spoke the following Epi-
logue written by Sir Samuel Garth, M. D.

WHAT odd fantastick Things we Women do!

Who wou'd not listen when young Lovers woo?

But die a Maid, yet have the Choice of Two!

Ladies are often cruel to their Cost;

To give you Pain, themselves they punish most.

Vows of Virginity should well be weigh'd;

Too oft they're cancell'd, tho' in Convents made.

Wou'd you revenge such rash Resolves—you may:

Be spiteful—and believe the thing we say,

We hate you when you're easily said Nay.

How needless, if you knew us, were your Fears?

Let Love have Eyes, and Beauty will have Ears.

Our Hearts are form'd as you your selves wou'd chuse,

Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse:

We give to Merit, and to Wealth we sell;

He sighs with most Success that settles well.

The Woes of Wedlock with the Joys we mix;

'Tis best repenting in a Coach and Six.

Blame not our Conduct, since we but pursue

Those lively Lessons we have learn'd from you:

Your Breasts no more the Fire of Beauty warms,

But wicked Wealth usurps the Pow'r of Charms;

What Pains to get the gaudy Thing you hate,

To swell in Show, and be a Wretch in State!

At Plays you ogle, at the Ring you Bow;

Even Churches are no Sanctuaries now:

There,



W. Read, Sc

SIR SAMUEL GARTH, M.D.

*There, Golden Idols all your Vows receive,
 She is no Goddess that has nought to give.
 Oh, may once more the happy Age appear,
 When Words were artless, and the Thoughts sincere;
 When Gold and Grandeur were unenvy'd things,
 And Courts less coveted than Groves and Springs.
 Love then shall only mourn when Truth complains,
 And Constancy feel Transport in its Chains.
 Sighs with Success their own soft Anguish tell,
 And Eyes shall utter what the Lips conceal;
 Virtue again to its bright Station climb,
 And Beauty fear no Enemy but Time,
 The Fair shall listen to Desert alone,
 And every Lucia find a Cato's Son.*

Mrs. OLDFIELD became so universally acceptable to the Town, both in Comedy and Tragedy, that she was over loaded with Parts; and, obliged to quit the less considerable ones, especially in some Plays, wherein by her Appearance only, in speaking an *Epilogue*, she kept them alive a little while, but afterwards they were wholly laid aside.

THE PLAYS, of any Consequence in which Mrs. OLDFIELD performed *Original Capital Parts*, I shall mention as they came upon the Stage; but, the *small ones* she acted in *Modern Plays*, or *Those* in which she *succeeded* in *Old ones*, I shall recite in an Alphabetical List at the close of these Memoirs.

AN agreeable Incident having been communicated to me, I shall give it, just as it came to hand.

SIR,

“ THE late Mrs. *Susanna Centlivre*, (who
 “ has obliged the Town with the GAMESTER,
 “ the BUSIE BODY, and several other enter-
 “ taining Comedies;) was so charmed with
 “ seeing Mrs. OLDFIELD play the Part of
 “ MARTIA in CATO; that she having; a
 “ little while before that Tragedy came on
 “ the Stage, borrowed of Mrs. OLDFIELD
 “ *Fontenelle’s* PLURALITY of WORLDS, after
 “ reading it, returned the Book with the un-
 “ der written Verses, in a Blank Leaf thereof;
 “ and as the Compliment is genteel, and not
 “ fulsom, I hope it may, not improperly, be
 “ thought worthy of a Place in OPHELIA’S
 “ Memoirs.

I am, SIR,

Whitehall,
 Nov. 18, 1730.

Your Humble Servant, &c.

JOHN LUCAS.

Plurality

Plurality of Worlds ! *Such Things may be,*
But I am best convinc'd by what I see ;
Yet tho' Philosophers such Schemes pursue,
And fancy'd Worlds in every Planet view ;
They can but guess at Orbs above the Skies,
And darkly paint the Lakes and Hills that rise.

Now Cupid skill'd in Mysteries profound,
Points where more certainty of Worlds abound ;
Bright Globes, that strike the Gazer with Surprise,
For they are Worlds of Love and in Ophelia's Eyes.

Mrs. OLDFIELD having hitherto been particularly considered but in two Characters in Comedy ; viz. Lady *Lurewell* in the *Trip to the Jubilee*, and Lady *Betty Modish* in the *Careless Husband*, I shall next consider the farther Honour she has done Mr. *Cibber*, in some other of his Performances. It was not only her Voice, and Person that charmed the Audience, but as the *TATLER* justly remarks * whatever Character She represented, “ She
 “ was always well drest : The Make of her
 “ Mind very much contributed to the Orna-
 “ ment of her Body. This made every
 “ Thing look native about her, and her
 “ Cloaths were so exactly fitted, that they
 “ appeared as it were Part of her Person.
 “ Her most elegant Deportment was owing
 “ to her Manner, and not to her Habit. Her
 “ Beauty was full of Attraction, but more of

* N^o. 212. VOL. IV.

“ Allurement. There was such a Composure
 “ in her Looks, and Propriety in her Dress,
 “ that you would think it impossible she
 “ should change the Garb you one Day see
 “ her in, for any thing so becoming, till you
 “ next Day see her in another. There was
 “ no other Mystery in this, but that how-
 “ ever she was appalled, she was her self
 “ the same: For there is so immediate a Ra-
 “ lation between our Thoughts and Gestures,
 “ that a *Woman* must *think* well, to *look*
 “ well.” This Picture of FLAVIA, as drawn
 by Mr. *Bickerstaff*, is the *vera Effigies* of the
 charming OPHELIA.

Mrs. OLDFIELD's other, Original Parts in
 Mr. *Cibber*'s Plays, were,— Mrs. CONQUEST,
 in *The Lady's Last Stake: Or, The Wife's*
Resentment. — — LUCINDA, in *The Rival*
Fools: Or, Wit at several Weapons. And
 XIMENA, in *The Heroick Daughter*, the He-
 roine of that Tragedy, in which Character
 she spoke the following *Epilogue*, *viz.*

Well, SIRS!

I'm come to tell you, that my Fears are over,

I've seen Papa, and have secur'd my Lover:

And, troth, I'm wholly on our Author's Side,

For had, as Corneille made him, Gormaz dy'd,

My Part had ended as it first begun,

And left me still unmarry'd and undone;

Or, what were harder far than both — a Nun.

The

*The French, for Form indeed, postpones the Wedding,
But gives her Hopes within a Year of Bedding.
Time could not tie her Marriage-Knot with Honour,
The Father's Death still left the Guilt upon her ;
The Frenchman stops her in that forc'd Regard,
The bolder Briton weds her in Reward :
He knew your Taste would ne'er endure their Billing
Should be so long deferr'd, when both were willing :
Your formal Dons of Spain an Age might wait,
But English Appetites are shorter set
'Tis true, this Difference we indeed discover,
That tho' like Lyons' you begin the Lover ;
To do you Right, your Fury soon is over.
Beside, the Scene thus chang'd, this Moral bears,
That Virtue never of Relief despairs.
But while true Love is still in Plays ill-fated,
No wonder you gay Sparks of Pleasure hate it ;
Bloodshed discourages what should delight ye,
And from a Wise what little Rubs will fright ye ?
And Virtue, not consider'd in the Bride,
How soon you Yawn, and curse the Knot you've ty'd ?
How oft the Nymph, whose pitying Eyes give Quarter,
Finds, in her Captive, she has caught a Tartar ?
While to her Spouse who once so high did rate her,
She kindly gives Ten Thousand Pounds to hate her.
So, on the other Side, some sighing Swain,
That languishes in Love whole Years in vain,
Impatient for the Feast, resolves he'll have her,
And, in his Anger, vows he'll eat for ever ;*

*He thinks of nothing but the Honey-Moon,
 But little thought he could have din'd so soon:
 Is not this true? Speak Dearies of the Pit,
 Don't you find too, how horribly you're bit?
 For the Instruction therefore of the Free,
 Our Author turns his just Catastrophe:
 Before you wed, let Love be understood,
 Refine your Thoughts and chace it from the Blood;
 Nor can you then of lasting Joys despair,
 For when that Circle holds the British Fair,
 Your Hearts may find Heroic Daughters there.*

Mr. CIBBER has given us a short, and very decent, Defence of the *Stage* in his Epistle Dedicatory to the NONJUROR, wherein he thus addresses his late Majesty, *viz.*

“ Your Comedians, SIR, are an unhappy
 “ Society, whom some severe Heads think
 “ wholly usefess, and others dangerous to
 “ the Young and Innocent: This Comedy is
 “ therefore an Attempt to remove that Pre-
 “ judice, and to shew what honest and lau-
 “ dable Uses may be made of the *Theatre*,
 “ when its Performances keep close to the
 “ true Purposes of its *Institution*: That it
 “ may be necessary to divert the sullen and
 “ disaffected from busying their Brains to
 “ disturb the Happiness of a Government,
 “ which, (for want of proper Amusements)
 “ they often enter into Wild and Seditious
 “ Schemes

“ Schemes to reform ; and that it may like-
 “ wise make those very Follies, the Ridicule
 “ and Diversion even of those that commit-
 “ ted them. Our Labours have at least this
 “ Glory to boast, that since Plays were first
 “ exhibited in *England*, they were never to-
 “ tally suppressed, but by those very People
 “ who turned our *Church* and *Constitution*
 “ into *Irreligion* and *Anarchy*.”

THIS Comedy was introduced with the following honest PROLOGUE written by Mr. ROWE, and spoken by Mr. WILKS, viz.

To-Night, ye Whigs and Tories both be safe,
 Nor hope, at one another's Cost, to laugh :
 We mean to souse old Satan, and the Pope,
 They've no Relations here, nor Friends, we hope.
 A Tool of theirs supplies the Comic Stage,
 With just Materials for Satyric Rage :
 Nor think our Colours may too strongly paint
 The stiff Non-furing Separation-Saint.
 Good-Breeding ne'er commands us to be civil
 To those who give the Nation to the Devil ;
 Who at our surest, best Foundations, strike,
 And hate our Monarch and our Church alike :
 Our Church, — which, aw'd with Reverential Fear,
 Scarcely the Muse presumes to mention here.

Long may she these her worst of Foes defy,
 And lift her Mitred Head triumphant to the Sky :
 While theirs — But Satire silently disdains
 To name, what lives not, but in Madmen's Brains.
 Like Bawds, each lurking Pastor seeks the Dark
 And fears the Justice's enquiring Clerk :
 In close back Rooms his routed Flocks he rallies,
 And reigns the Patriarch of blind Lanes and Allies :
 There, safe, he lets his thund'ring Censures fly,
 Un-Christens, Damns Us, gives our Laws the Lye :
 And Excommunicates Three-Stories high.
 Why, since a Land of Liberty they hate,
 Still will they linger in this Free-born State ?
 Here, ev'ry Hour, fresh hateful Objects rise,
 Peace and Prosperity afflict their Eyes :
 With Anguish, Prince and People they survey,
 Their just Obedience and his Righteous Sway.
 Ship off, ye Slaves, and seek some Passive-Land,
 Where Tyrants, after your own Hearts, command :
 To your Trans-Alpine Master's Rule resort,
 And fill an empty Abdicated Court :
 Turn your Possessions here, to ready Rhino,
 And buy ye Lands and Lordships at Urbino.

THERE were but Two Women in this
 Comedy — Lady *Woodvil*, played by Mrs.
 PORTER, and *Maria*, her Daughter, by Mrs.
 OLDFIELD, which Part, as she did every thing,
 she performed to Admiration, and as admirably
 spoke this EPILOGUE,

How

*How wild, how frantick, is the vain Essay,
That builds on modern Politicks a Play!
Methinks to write at all is bold enough,
But in a Play, to stand a Faction, Buff!
Not Rome's old Stage presum'd (or Fame's a Fibber)
And Moderns to attempt it! well said Cibber!
Was't not enough the Criticks might pursue him!
But must he rouse a Party to undo him!
These Blows I told him on his Play would fall,
But he, unmov'd, cry'd — Blood! we'll stand it all.
When Priests turn Traytors, where's the mighty
(Matter?*

*Since, when has Treason been exempt from Satire?
And should from Guilt a factious Clamour rise,
Such Spite must speak them England's Enemies:
But, if Old England's Friends allow 'tis right,
We're sure their Pow'r can chace the Jacobite,
And put their Malice, like their Troops to flight.* }

*As for the Criticks, those, he owns may teize him,
Because he never took such Pains to please them;
In Time, Place, Action, Rules, by which old Wits
Made Plays, as — Dames do Puddings by Receipts:
But hopes again ev'n Rebels cannot say,
Tho' vanquish'd, they're insulted in his Play:
Nay more — to set their Cause in fairest Light,
He's made a Man of Sense — a Jacobite!
(Tho' by our Bard's good Leave, to take it right,
His Sense was shewn, when turn'd from Jacobite.) &c.*

N.B. The remaining Verses describe the Characters in the Play to which I refer.

THE last Play in Mr. CIBBER's Collection is *The REFUSAL: Or, The Ladies Philosophy*, a Comedy, in which Mrs. OLDFIELD played *Sophronia*, and ends the Play with these Lines,

*In Vain, against the Force of Nature's Law,
Would rigid Morals keep our Hearts in awe;
All our lost Labours of the Brain but prove,
In Life, there's no Philosophy like Love.*

Sir *Richard Steel* had the Honour of Mrs. OLDFIELD's performing Original Parts in all his Plays, viz. I. *Lady Charlot*, in the *FUNERAL*. II. *The Neice*, in the *Tender Husband*. III. *VICTORIA*, in the *Lying Lover*. IV. *INDIANA*, in the *Conscious Lovers*.

TO divert an Audience, by an innocent Performance, was the chief Design of the last Comedy, who are thus address'd in the Close of the *Prologue*.

*Ye Modest, Wise, and Good, ye Fair, ye Brave,
To-Night the Champion of your Virtues save,
Redeem from long Contempt the Comick Name,
And judge Politely for your Country's Fame.*

THERE happened a very remarkable Incident in the Representation of the *Conscious Lovers*, which Sir *Richard* takes particular Notice of in his Preface, and I shall give it in his own Words, viz,

“ THIS



S^R RICHARD STEELE.



“ ‘THIS Comedy was in every Part excellently performed; and there needs no other Applause of the Actors, but that they excelled according to the Dignity and Difficulty of the Character they represented. — The Tears which were shed, on this Occasion, flowed from Reason and good Sense, and Men ought not to be laughed at for weeping, till we are come to a more clear Notion of what is to be imputed to the *Hardness* of the Head, and the *Softness* of the Heart; and I think it was very politely said of Mr. *Wilks* to one who told him there was a * GENERAL weeping for INDIANA † — — *I’ll warrant he’ll fight ne’er the worse for that.* To be apt to give way to the Impressions of Humanity, is the Excellence of a right Disposition, and the natural working of a well turned Spirit. — The following *Song* was designed for the Entertainment of INDIANA, but omitted for want of a Performer; it expresses the Distress of a Love-sick Maid, and may be a fit Entertainment for some small Criticks to examine whether the Passion is just, or the Distress Male or Female.

* *The Honourable Brigadier General Charles Churchill.*

† *Mrs. Oldfield’s Part.*

I.

*From Place to Place forlorn I go,
 With downcast Eyes a silent Shade;
 Forbidden to declare my Woe;
 To speak, till spoken to, afraid.*

II.

*My inward Pangs, my secret Grief,
 My soft consenting Looks betray;
 He loves, but gives me no Relief:
 Why speaks not he who may?*

AMONG the many Apologies for the Stage, Mrs. OLDFIELD always preferred that humorous one given by Mr. *Farquhar*, in His Discourse upon Comedy, *viz.*

“ POETRY alone, and chiefly the *Drama*,
 “ lies open to the Insults of all Pretenders;
 “ she was one of Nature’s eldest Offsprings,
 “ whence by her Birthright, and plain Simplicity,
 “ she pleads a Genuine likeness to her Mother; born in the Innocence of
 “ Time, she provided not against the Assaults
 “ of succeeding Ages; and, depending altogether
 “ on the generous End of her Invention,
 “ neglected those secret Supports and serpentine
 “ Devices used by other Arts,
 “ that wind themselves into Practice for
 “ more subtle and politick Designs: *Naked*
 “ she came into the World, and it is to be
 “ feared,

“feared, like its Professors, *will go Naked*
“*out.*”

I HAVE often heard Mrs. OLDFIELD mention the many agreeable Hours she had spent in Mr. *Farquhar's* Company. The Original Parts she had in his Plays, were only Two, SYLVIA in the *Recruiting Officer*, and Mrs. *Sullen* in the STRATAGEM. Most of his Comedies being written before Mrs. OLDFIELD's coming on the Stage, and in the Old Parts, as already observed, she succeeded Mrs. *Verbruggen*, whose Maiden Name was *Percival*, and afterwards *Mountfort*. Of this Gentlewoman, I am naturally led into the Relation of one melancholly Scene of her Life, in which I believe no Parallel can be found either in Ancient or Modern History. Her Father Mr. *Percival* had the Misfortune to be drawn into the Assassination Plot against King *William*, for this he lay under Sentence of Death, which he received on the same Night that Lord *Mobun* killed her Husband Mr. *Mountfort*. Under this, almost insuperable, Affliction she was introduced to the good Queen *Mary*, who being, as she was pleased to say, *struck to the Heart* upon receiving Mrs. *Mountfort's* Petition, immediately granted all that was in her Power, a Remission of her Father's Execution for that of Transportation. But Fate had so ordered it that poor Mrs. *Mountfort* was to lose both Father and Husband. For as Mr. *Percival* was going Abroad, he was

M

so

so weakned by his Imprisonment, that he was taken sick on the Road and died at *Portsmouth*.

THE *Fatality* which happens to the *Shedders of Blood*, I have always remarked as a certain Effect of the Divine Vengeance ; and therefore all Gentlemen who are apt to draw their Swords upon the most trivial Occasions, would do well to consider, two or three Accidents I shall here lay before them.

I. That they would please to remember Lord *Mobun's* Catastrophe ; who, as Mr. *Mountfort* fell by his Hands, he fell in the Duel between him and Duke *Hamilton*, himself sending the Challenge.

II. At a Representation of the *Scornful Lady* some Years ago, for the Benefit of Mrs. *OLDFIELD* ; many Persons of Distinction were behind the Scenes. Among others Beau *Feilding* came, and being always mighty ambitious of shewing his *fine Make and Shape*, as himself used vainly to talk, he very closely pressed forward upon some Gentlemen, but in particular, upon one Mr. *Fulwood*, a Barrister of *Grays-Inn*, an Acquaintance of Mrs. *OLDFIELD's* ; Mr. *Fulwood* being a Gentleman of quick Repentment told *Feilding* he used him rudely, upon which, he laid his Hand upon his Sword, but Mr. *Fulwood* instantly drew, and gave *Feilding* a Wound of twelve Inches deep in the Belly. This putting the Audience into the greatest Consternation, Mr. *Fulwood*

wood was with much Intreaty perswaded to leave the Place. At length out of Respect to Mrs. OLDFIELD he did so, and went to the Theatre in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, where the same Evening the *Libertine* was acted. Mr. *Fulwood* went into the Pit, and in a very few Minutes cast his Eye upon one Captain *Cusack* to whom he had an old Grudge, and there demanded Satisfaction of him. Captain *Cusack* without the least Hesitation obeyed the Summons. They went into the Fields, and in less than Half an Hour, Word was brought into the House, that Mr. *Fulwood* was killed on the Spot, and Captain *Cusack* had made his Escape.

III. The last Instance I shall produce is in the Case of the late Lord Chief Justice *Pine*, of *Ireland*, who, when he was a Student of *Lincolns-Inn*, in those Walks, killd the eldest Son, of one of the finest Gentlemen in *England*, I beg to be excused from naming him because he was my near Relation. However, the *Weight* of *Blood* hung so heavy upon Mr. *Pine*, that he declared, he could not live in *England*, and went over to *Ireland*, in which Kingdom indeed he made his Fortune, but an over-ruling Power dampt all his Joys, even to the Day of his Death, because the Price of Blood was repaid in his own Family, his eldest Son being killed in a Duel in *Ireland*.

As these accidental Digressions will not be without their Use, I hope they will not be judged in this Place impertinent, our Theatres being too often the Scene of Actions in this Kind.

BUT let us now again resume the pleasing Entertainment given by Mrs. OLDFIELD. In Mr. Rowe's Two last TRAGEDIES * she was the Victim in Both. And, how she charmed ; every Spectator must remember ! To the *first* of these excellent PLAYS Mr. Wilks spoke the *Prologue*, and Mrs. OLDFIELD the *Epilogue*. But to the *second*, those Offices were performed by Mr. BOOTH and Mrs. PORTER, for which I refer to the Play.

PROLOGUE to JANE SHORE.

TO Night, if you have brought your good old Taste,
 We'll treat you with a downright English Feast :
 A Tale, which told long since in homely wise,
 Hath never fail'd of melting gentle Eyes.
 Let no nice Sir despise our hapless Dame,
 Because recording Ballads chaunt her Name ;
 Those venerable ancient Song Inditers
 Soar'd many a Pitch above our Modern Writers :
 They caterwaul'd in no Romantick Ditty,
 Sighing for Phillis's, or Cloe's Pity.

* I. The Tragedy of *Jane Shore*, written in Imitation of Shakespear's Stile. II. The Tragedy of the Lady *Jane Gray*.

*Justly they drew the Fair, and spoke her Plain,
 And sung her by her Christian Name — 'twas Jane.
 Our Numbers may be more refin'd than those,
 But what we've gain'd in Verse, we've lost in Prose.
 Their Words no shuffling, double-meaning knew,
 Their Speech was homely, but their Hearts were true.
 In such an Age immortal Shakespear wrote,
 By no quaint Rules, nor hampering Criticks taught
 With rough Majestick Force he mov'd the Heart,
 And Strength and Nature made amends for Art.
 Our humble Author does his Steps pursue,
 He owns he had the mighty Bard in View;
 And in these Scenes has made it more his Care,
 To rouse the Passions, than to charm the Ear;
 Yet for those gentle Beaus who love the Chime,
 The Ends of Acts still jingle into Rhime.
 The Ladies too, he hopes, will not complain,
 Here are some Subjects for a softer Strain,
 A Nymph forsaken, and a perjur'd Swain.
 What most he fears, is, lest the Dames shou'd frown,
 The Dames of Wit and Pleasure about Town,
 To see our Picture drawn, unlike their own.
 But lest that Error shou'd provoke to Fury,
 The Hospitable Hundreds of Old Drury,
 He bid me say, in our Jane Shore's Defence,
 She dol'd about the Charitable Pence,
 Built Hospitals, turn'd Saint, and dy'd long since.
 For her Example whatso'er we make it,
 They have their Choice to let alone or take it.*

Tho'

*Tho' few, as I conceive, will think it meet,
To weep so sorely, for a Sin so sweet:
Or mourn; or mortify the pleasing Sense,
To rise in Tragedy two Ages hence.*

EPILOGUE to JANE SHORE.

*YE modest Matrons all, ye virtuous Wives,
Who lead with horrid Husbands, decent Lives;
You, who for all you are in such a taking,
To see your Spouses Drinking, Gaming, Raking,
Yet make a Conscience still of Cuckold-making. }
What can we say your Pardon to obtain,
This Matter here was prov'd against poor Jane:
She never once deny'd it, but in short,
Whimper'd—and—cry'd,—sweet Sir, I'm sorry for't.
'Twas well he met a kind, good-natur'd Soul,
We are not all so easy to controul:
I fancy one might find in this good Town
Some wou'd ha' told the Gentleman his own;
Have answer'd smart—to what do you pretend,
Blockhead—as if I must n't see a Friend:
Tell me of Hackney-Coaches—Jaunts to th'City--
Where shou'd I buy my China—Faith, I'll fit ye--
Our Wife was of a milder, meeker Spirit;
You! — Lords and Masters! — was not that some
(Merit?
Don't you allow it to be virtuous Bearing,
When we submit thus to your Domineering?
Well,*

*Well, Peace be with her, she did wrong most surely;
But so do many more that look demurely.*

*Nor shou'd our mourning Madam weep alone,
There are more ways of Wickedness than one.*

*If the reforming Stage shou'd fall to shaming,
Ill-nature, Pride, Hypocrisy and Gaming;*

*The Poets frequently might move Compassion,
And with She-Tragedies o'er run the Nation.*

*Then judge the fair Offender with good Nature,
And let your Fellow-feeling curb your Satire.*

*What if our Neighbours have some little failing,
Must we needs fall to damning and to railing;*

For her Excuse too, be it understood,

That if the Woman was not quite so good,

Her Lover was a King, she Flesh and Blood.

And since she's as dearly paid the sinful Score,

Be kind at last, and pity poor Jane Shore.

SOME Particulars having been communicated to me, relating to Mrs. OLDFIELD's coming upon the Stage by Mr. *Taylor*, formerly a Servant to Mr. *Rich*; I could wish they had been sooner transmitted, but as the Intentions of the Writer must be acknowledged an Act of Friendship, I hope the Contents of his Letter will be agreeable to the Public for whose Use it is inserted.

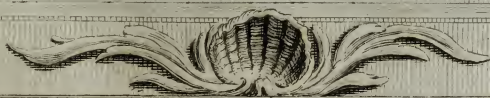
To Mr. EGERTON, &c.

SIR,

“ IN your Memoirs of Mrs. OLDFIELD,
 “ it may not be amiss to insert the following
 “ Facts, on the Truth of which you may
 “ depend. Her Father, Captain OLDFIELD not
 “ only run out all the Military, but likewise
 “ the Paternal Bounds of his Fortune, having
 “ a pretty Estate in Houses in *Pall-Mall*.
 “ It was wholly owing to Captain *Far-*
 “ *quhar*, that ever Mrs. OLDFIELD became
 “ an Actress, from the following Incident.
 “ Dining one Day at her Aunt’s, who kept
 “ the Mitre Tavern in St. *James’s* Market,
 “ he heard Miss *Nanny* reading a Play behind
 “ the Bar with so proper an Emphasis, and
 “ such agreeable Turns suitable to each Cha-
 “ racter, that he swore the Girl was cut out
 “ for the Stage, to which she had before always
 “ expressed an Inclination, being very desirous
 “ to try her Fortune that Way. Her Mo-
 “ ther, the next Time she saw Captain *Van-*
 “ *brugh*, who had a great Respect for the
 “ Family, told him what was Captain *Far-*
 “ *quhar’s* Advice, upon which he desired to
 “ know whether in the Plays she read, her
 “ Fancy was most pleased with Tragedy
 “ or Comedy. Miss being called in, said
 “ Comedy, She having at that Time gone
 “ through all *Beaumont* and *Fletcher’s* Co-
 “ medies;



BEAUMONT and FLETCHER! those twin stars, that run
 Their glorious course round SHAKESPEARE'S golden sun;
 Or when *Philaster* Hamlet's place supplied,
 Or *Bejous* walk'd the stage by *Falstaff's* side.
 Their souls, well pair'd, shot fire in mingled rays,
 Their hands together twin'd the social bays,
 'Till fashion drove, in a refining age,
 Virtue from court, and Nature from the stage. COLUMAN.



“ medies ; and the Play she was reading
 “ when Captain *Farquhar* dined there, was,
 “ *The SCORNFUL LADY*. Captain *Vanbrugh*,
 “ shortly after recommended her to Mr.
 “ *Christopher Rich*, who took her into the
 “ House, at the Allowance but of Fifteen
 “ Shillings *per Week*. However, her agree-
 “ able Figure, and the Sweetness of her Voice,
 “ soon gave her the Preference, in the Opini-
 “ on of the whole Town, to all our young
 “ Actresses, and his Grace the late Duke of
 “ *Bedford*, being pleased to speak to Mr. *Rich*
 “ in her Favour, he instantly raised her Allow-
 “ ance to Twenty Shillings *per Week*. Her
 “ Fame and Salary, at length, rose to her just
 “ Merit. *I am, SIR,*

Nov. 25, 1730.

Your Humble Servant,

CHARLES TAYLOR.

Having in the foregoing Pages been pretty particular in my Recital of the Capital, *Original*, Parts performed by Mrs. OLDFIELD in the Plays written since her coming on the Stage ; I shall in the other *Modern Plays*, wherein she appeared, content my self with only naming them in the *List* before mentioned : and, shall now insert some excellent *Letters* to Mrs. OLDFIELD written a few Years ago, when she lived in the *Hay-Market*, relating to the *History of the Stage*, &c.

N

L E T-

LETTER I.

To Mrs. *OLDFIELD*.

EVERY Request of yours, Madam, is a much greater Favour conferred on me, than is in my Power to return. But, since you are desirous of seeing the few Collections I have made towards *A short History of the Stage*, I here freely communicate them in hopes they will afford you at least an agreeable Amusement.

DRAMATIC POETRY was the first kind of Writing that appeared among the *Athenians*; and I defy, says Mr. *Dennis*,* the most skilful Man in Antiquity, to name so much as one Author among the *Romans* till *Dramatic Poetry* appeared at *Rome*, introduced by *Livius Andronicus*, above Five hundred Years after the Building of that City. But when their Stage began to be cultivated, immediately a Hundred Writers arose, in Poetry, Eloquence, History, and Philosophy, whose Fame took an equal Flight with that of the *Roman Eagles*, and who, transmitting their immortal Works to Posterity, continue the living Glories of that Republic, and the

* See His Miscellaneous Tracts, 8vo. Lond. 1727. pag. 330.





only solid Remains of the *Roman* Greatness. As with the *Roman* Stage, the rest of their Arts were cultivated, and improved proportionably; as with that in the Age of *Augustus Caesar*, about Two hundred Years from the Time of *Livius Andronicus*, they reached their utmost Height; so, with that, they declined in the Reigns of succeeding Emperors.

FOR the *French*, it is not much above a Century since *Hardy* first appeared among them: And *Hardy* was the first who began to reform their Stage, and to recover it from the Confusion in which it lay before him. And tho I cannot say, that before that Time, the *French* had no good Writers, yet I may safely affirm, that they had but One, who was generally esteemed throughout the rest of *Europe*: But to reckon all who have since been excellent in Poetry, Eloquence, History, and Philosophy, would certainly make a very long, and a very Illustrious Roll.

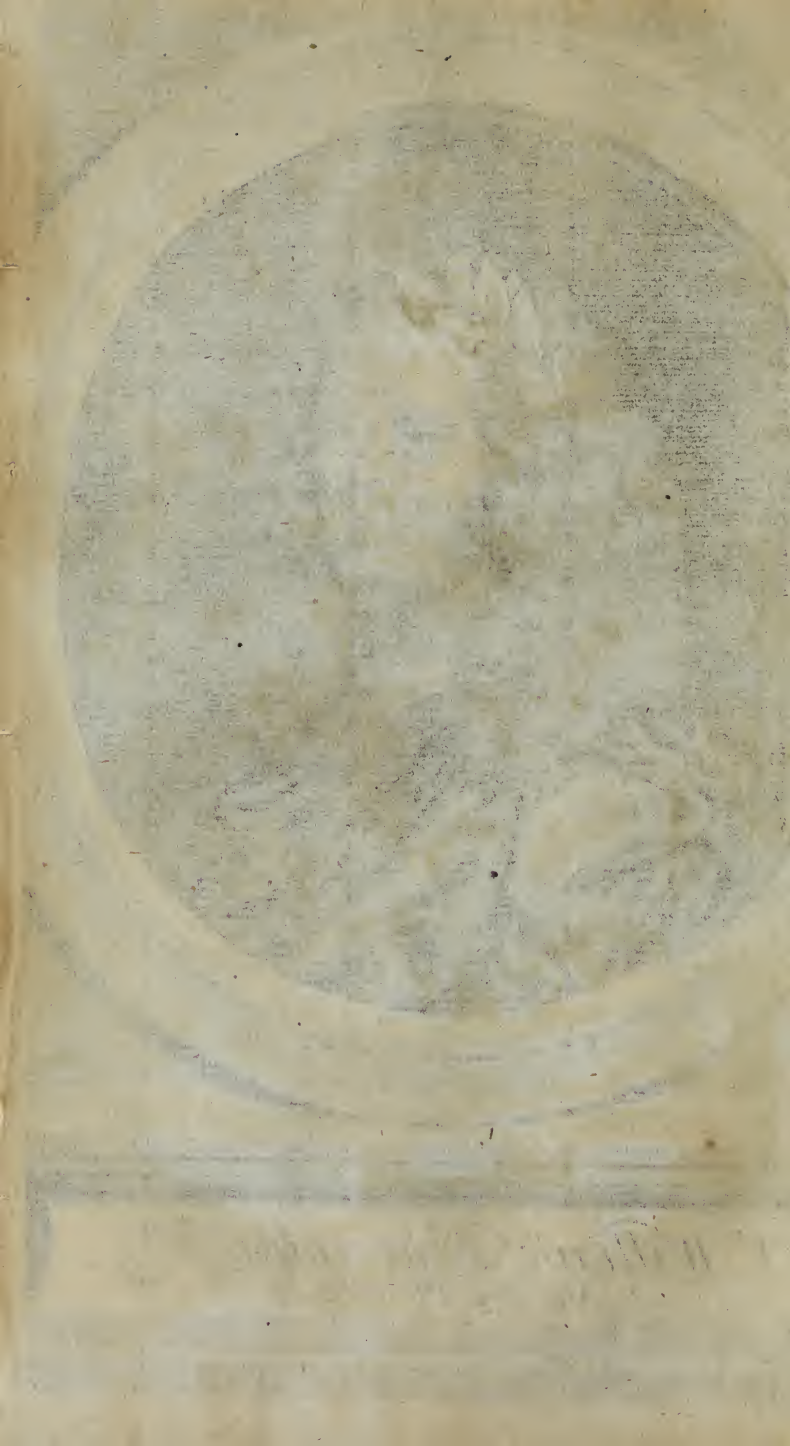
Now to come to our selves: It was in the Reign of King HENRY VIII. that the *Drama* first grew into Form with us: It was *Established* in the Reign of Queen ELIZABETH, and *Flourished* under King JAMES I. And tho' I will not presume to affirm, that before the Reign of King HENRY VIII. we had no good Writers, yet I may justly assert, that, excepting CHAUCER, we had not a first-rate Writer, in any kind whatever. But

immediately upon the *Establishment* of the *Drama*, Three Prodigies of Wit appeared all at once, as it were so many Suns, to amaze the learned World — SPENSER — BACON and, RALEIGH; Men so extraordinary in their different Ways, that not only *England* had never seen the like before, but they almost continue to this very Day, in Spite of Emulation, in Spite of Time, the greatest of our Poets, Philosophers, and Historians.

FROM the Time of King JAMES I. the *Drama* flourished, and the Arts were cultivated, till the Beginning of our Intestine Broils in the Reign of King CHARLES I. when the Dramatic Muse was banished, and all the Arts degraded. For what other Sort of Poets flourished in those Days? Who were the Inspired, the Celebrated Men? Why *Withers*, *Prynne*, and *Vickers*, Fellows whose Verses were laborious Libels upon the Art and Themselves. These were the first-rate Poets, and under them flourished a Herd of Scribblers of obscurer Infamy: Wretches who had not Desert enough to merit even Contempt; whose Works, like Abortions, never beheld the Light, stifled in the Dark by their own Friends, as so many Scandals upon Human Nature, and lamentable Effects of that universal Conspiracy of Fools against right Reason. And if any one pretends, that Sir JOHN DENHAM, Sir WILLIAM D'AVENANT



S^r William D'avenant K^t
Nat: 1605 Ob: 1668.



D'AVENANT, Mr. WALLER and Mr. COWLEY wrote many of their Verses in the Time of the Civil Wars; I answer, that what Mr. WALLER wrote was but very little: and it is well known the other *Three* wrote in a Country (*France*) where the Stage and Learning flourished. So that nothing considerable, in Poetry, was produced among Us in the Times of the Rebellion except the *first Part* of that admirable Satire against the Muse's mortal Foe Hypocrisy *; which yet neither did, nor durst appear till the Restoration of the *Drama*.

YOU see, MADAM, what the Poets were, who flourished in those dismal Times; let us now see what were the Orators? who were the cried up Preachers? why *Calamy, Case, Hugh Peters, Manton* and *Sibbes*. But what was produced in the other Sciences, that was worthy of Posterity? what in Philosophy, History, and Mathematicks? what could be expected, where only Hypocritical Fools were encouraged, whose abominable Canting was Christened *Gift*, and their Dulness *Grace*?

BUT what Sort of Persons have flourished among *Us* since the Restoration of the *Drama*? Who have signalized themselves in the other Kinds of Poetry? So great is the Num-

* The first Part of HUDIBRAS was not published by Mr. Butler, till the Year 1662, tho', he owns, it was Written in the Time of the late Wars.

ber of Those who have wrote politely, that it is comprehensive of all Conditions of Men. How many have been justly renowned for Eloquence. So many extraordinary Men have distinguished themselves by Preaching, that to enumerate them would be an endless Task. I shall content my self, and hope you will join with me MADAM, in mentioning only Archbishop TILLOTSON and Dr. SPRAT Bishop of *Rocheſter*, ſo illuſtrious for their different Talents, the *one* for his extream Politenefs, for his Grace, and his Delicacy; the *other* for his nervous Force; and *both* for their Maſculine Purity. Who among us are famed for Hiſtory? not only the laſt of thoſe great Prelates, but Dr. BURNET, Biſhop of *Salisbury*, whoſe *Hiſtory* of the *Reformation* is ſo deſervedly celebrated by the learned World, wherever *Engliſh* or *French* is known. What Proſicients have we in Philoſophy, and Mathematicks? Let all *Europe* reply, who has Read, and reading admir'd them. Of theſe, I ſhall mention but *Two*, who may be called the Glories of *Eng-land*, Sir ISAAC NEWTON and Mr. LOCKE; the one of which had not his Equal in *Europe*, and neither of them had their Superior.

THUS have I ſhewn You, Madam, how Poetry, Eloquence, Hiſtory, and Philoſophy, have Appeared, Advanced, Declined, and Vanished with the *Drama*, not only in *Greece* and Ancient *Italy*, but in Modern *France* and *England*. So true it is, what
was



was formerly so well said, *That, All those ARTS which respect HUMANITY, have a certain Alliance, and a mutual Dependence, and are defended and supported by their common Confederacy.*

IN my next, I shall lay before You, the *State and Progress of Dramatic Poetry, from the Restauration to the Revolution.*

I am, MADAM,

Your most obliged

Humble Servant,

WM. EGERTON.

LETTER II.

I HOPE, MADAM, You will allow, that while I am thus pleading in *Defence* of the *Stage*, I am defending and supporting *Poetry*, the best and the noblest Kind of Writing. For all other Writers are made by Precept, and formed by Art; but a Poet prevails by the Force of Nature; is excited by all that is powerful in Humanity; and, sometimes, by a Spirit, not his own, is exalted to Divinity.

IF *Poetry* in other Countries has flourish-
ed with the *Stage*, and been with *That* neg-
lected, what must become of it here in *Eng-
land* if the *Stage* is ruined? *Foreign* Poets,
it is well known, have found both their Pub-
lic, and their Private Patrons. They who
excelled in *Greece*, were encouraged by the
Athenian State: nay, and by all *Greece*, as-
sembled at their *Olympian*, *Istmean*, *Ne-
mean*, and *Pythian* Games. *Rome* had its
SCIPIOS, its CÆSARS and its MÆCÆNASES.
France had its magnanimous RICHLIEU, and
its greater LEWIS; but the Protection
which *Poetry* has found in *England*, has
been from the *Stage* alone. Some few, in-
deed of our private Gentlemen, have had
Souls large enough, and wanted only Power.
But of our Princes, how few have had any
Taste of ARTS! nay, and of Those who had
any Relish for the SCIENCES, some have had
their *Heads* too full, and the Souls of others
have been too narrow!

As, then, in maintaining the *Cause* of the
Stage, MADAM, I am defending *Poetry* in
general; in that Defense, I am also pleading
for Eloquence, History and Philosophy. I
am pleading for the reasonable Pleasures of
Mankind, the only harmless, the only cheap,
the only universal Pleasures; the Nourish-
ments of Youth, and the Delights of Age;
the Ornaments of Prosperity, and the surest
sanctuaries of Adversity; now insolently
attacked

attacked by furious Zeal, too wretchedly blind to see their Beauties, or discern their Innocence. For, unless the *Stage* be encouraged in *England*, Poetry cannot subsist; there never was any Man a great Poet, who did not make it his Business, as well as Pleasure, and solely abandon himself to that Amusement. And as *Poetry* would be crushed by the Ruins of the *Stage*; so *Eloquence* would be miserably maimed by them; for which, if ACTION be confessed the *Life* of *it*, the *Theatre* is certainly the best of *Schools*; and if ACTION be not the *Life* of *it*, DEMOSTHENES, and your self MADAM are much mistaken.

IN *Eloquence*, I humbly conceive that the *Pulpit* is something concerned, and by Consequence in the *Stage*; surely therefore we need not be ashamed to learn from that Place which instructed CICERO, and which formed a DEMOSTHENES and an OLDFIELD. For I will confidently assert, that if the *Stage* were arrived to that Degree of Purity, to which in the Space of some little Time it may easily be brought, the frequenting of our Theatres would advance Religion, and consequently the Happiness of Mankind.

LET US NOW, MADAM, take a short View of the *State* and *Progress* of *Dramatic Poetry* when Letters began again to flourish, and the Stage to lift up its Head, under the Auspices of King CHARLES II.

O

THAT

THAT ingenious Frenchman Monsieur *De Saint Evremond*, observed of *England*,
 “ That there is no Nation where the Men
 “ have more Courage, where the Women
 “ have more Beauty, and where both Sexes
 “ have more Wit. But, *says he*, it is im-
 “ possible that one Nation can have every
 “ Thing. There is no Country in *Europe*,
 “ where a good Taste is so rare.” And this
 was wrote at a Time, when perhaps the *Eng-
 lish* Taste was better than ever it was be-
 fore, or than ever it has been since.

Now it must, indeed, be confessed, that
 if we put the Degeneracy of our Taste in
 one Scale, we ought to put our Extrava-
 gance into the other; for the present Sub-
 scriptions to Masquerades, *Italian* Singers,
 and Musicians, amounts to a much larger
 Sum than ever was bestowed upon real
 Merit.

England has certainly produced great
 Men in every Part of Learning. And as to
 the Poetical-Class, the Subject of our pre-
 sent Representation, only be pleased to hear,
 MADAM, how they have been used.

WE have often neglected our Native
 and finest Geniuses. The great Lord BACON
 was suffered to die poor and miserable; and
 the great SPENSER to starve. BEN JOHNSON
 was more than once sacrificed to his worth-
 less Rivals. MILTON, who was an Honour
 to this Nation, and an Ornament to Human-
 kind,

kind, continued long neglected and obscure. How few of those to whom he wrote, had Eyes for his matchless Beauties! How many of them were more blind than He!

ON the other Side of *Parnassus*, the admirable Pleasantry of BUTLER, found still worse Quarter, than the Force, Elevation, and Sublimity of MILTON. In short, Madam, BUTLER was suffered to Die in a Garret, OTWAY in an Ale-house, and poor NAT LEE in the Streets. What did we not lose in BUTLER? He was a whole Species of Poets in One; admirable in a Manner, in which no one else has been tolerable; a Manner which began and ended in him; in which he knew no Guide, and has found no Followers. Yet BUTLER so extraordinary a Man in his Kind, was not a greater Master in raising our Mirth, than OTWAY in drawing Tears from us. He had a Faculty in touching the softer Passions beyond both Ancients and Moderns, except only *Euripides*, yet he who moved our Pity so strongly in the Distresses of *Monimia*, and of *Belvidera*, could excite none at all for his own Calamity, but languished in Adversity unpitied, and died unlamented. Mr. WYCHERLEY suffered the Restraint of a Seven Years close Imprisonment, while the worthless Writers of Farce flourished; and that for an inconsiderable Debt, his Merit and Fortune considered; and experienced all that Baseness in his Relations, Friends and Ac-

O 2 quaintance

quaintance against which the *Plain Dealer* had with so much Warmth inveighed.

Mr. DRYDEN, who had so many good Qualities, who refined the Language of our Rhyming-Poetry, and improved its Harmony; who thought often so finely, so justly, so greatly, so nobly, who had the Art of Reasoning very strongly in very elegant Verse; and who of all our Rhyming-Poets wrote beyond Comparison, with most Force, and with most Elevation; was frequently sacrificed to his worthless Contemporaries, and could never receive Encouragement enough to set him entirely at Ease.

Mr. CONGREVE, one of the greatest Ornaments of the Comic-Scene, after he had for several Years entertained the Town, with that Wit, and Humour, and Art, and Vivacity, which are so becoming of the Comic-Stage, produced at *last* a Play (*The Way of the World*) which, besides that it was equal to most of the *former* in those pleasant Humours which the Laughters so much require, had some certain Scenes in it, that were wrote with so much Grace and Delicacy, that they alone were worth an entire Comedy. What was the Event? the Play was hissed by barbarous Fools in the Acting; and an impertinent Trifle was brought on after it, which was acted with vast Applause. This Treatment justly raised so much Indignation in Mr. CONGREVE, that he quitted the Stage

in Disdain, and it may almost be said, that, Comedy left it with him. And You, MADAM, very well know, that it is our Fondness of introducing whimsical Farces upon the Stage, which has so long kept Sir JOHN VANBRUGH's excellent Muse silent.

THUS have I represented in as short a Method as I could, the ungenerous Treatment which so many extraordinary Men have received among us for a Century past; and I see but little Probability of our Amendment: For, the Present, must be called the *Degenerate Age*. Where is now the Capacity and Profoundness of BACON; the fine Painting of SPENSER, the Force and Sublimity and Elevation of MILTON; the fine Thinking and Elegance and Versification of DRYDEN; the Fire and Enthusiasm of LEE; the Moving, Melting, Tendernefs of OTWAY; the Pleasantry of BUTLER; the Wit and Satire of WYCHERLEY; the Humour of FARQUHAR; and the Spirit, and Art, and Grace of CONGREVE? These Losses, MADAM, we may Lament but cannot Retrieve; nor, is our Stage worth beholding but when You are on it, is the real Opinion of

Yours, &c.

W. E.

LETTER III.

I WAS this Morning, MADAM, so happy, as to be favoured with an Hour's Visit by Sir *John Vanbrugh*, who tells me that You think me much too *rash*, in censuring the present Times under the severe Denomination of the *Degenerate Age*. I am sorry You think so MADAM, but I hope one Position I shall here lay down, will convince You that my Assertion is not so *rash* as, at first Sight, it may appear to be.

DURING the Reign of King CHARLES II. we had no less than Eight * Gentlemen all excellent in Dramatic Writing; but, how the Number is now lessened, I submit wholly to your Judgment, and, shall proceed to the proving these Two Things.

First, That the *Stage* is instrumental to the Happiness of Mankind in general.

Secondly, That it is more particularly instrumental to the Happiness of *Englishmen*.

It is universally acknowledged that Happiness consists in Pleasure, which is, at least, the chief and the final Motive to it, if it is

* *The Duke of Buckingham, Sir George Etherege, Dryden, Lee, Otway, Wycherley, Shadwell, and Crown.*

not the immediate one. And Providence seems to have sufficiently declared, That Pleasure was intended for our Spring and Fountain of Action, when it made it the Incentive to those very Acts by which we propagate our Kind, and preserve Our selves. As if Self-Love, without Pleasure, were insufficient for either ; for, as that most judicious *French* Writer, *Monsieur* PASCAL observes, those very Persons who lay violent Hands upon themselves, are instigated by the secret Pleasure which they have, from the Thought that they shall be freed from Pain. But, this must be confessed, that all Kinds of Happiness, is owing to *Passion*, and not to *Reason*. For the Passions, which are in their Natures so very troublesome, are only so, because their Motions are always contrary to the Motions of the Will ; as Grief, Sorrow, Shame and Jealousy. And that which makes some Passions in their Natures pleasant, is because they move with the Will ; as Love, Joy, Pity, Hope, Terror, and sometimes Anger. But this is certain, that no Passion can move in a full Consent with the *Will*, unless at the same Time it be approved of by the *Understanding*. And no Passion can be allowed of by the Understanding, that is not raised by its true Springs, and augmented by its just Degrees. Now it is so very rare to have our Passions thus raised, and so improved, that it is the only Reason why we are
so

so seldom thoroughly and sincerely pleased. But in the *Drama*, the Passions are false and abominable, unless they are moved by their true Springs, and raised by their just Degrees. They are thus moved, and raised, in every well-wrote *Tragedy*, till they come to as great a Height as Reason can very well bear. Besides, the very Motion has a Tendency to the subjecting them to Reason, and the very Raising purges and moderates them. So that the Passions are seldom any where so pleasing, and no where so safe, as they are in *Tragedy*. Thus have I shewn, MADAM, that to be Happy, is to be pleased, and to be pleased, is to be moved in such a Manner, as is allowed of by Reason; I have shewn too, that as *Tragedy* thus moves Us, and pleases Us, it consequently makes Us happy, which was the *first* Thing to be proved, and I now come to the *second*, viz. Thinking Persons have endeavoured to deduce their Happiness from *Reason* and not from *Passion*. But it is to be observed that such People thro' the Exactness or Moroseness of their Judgments, are too scrupulous in the Allowance of the Passions; from whence it proceeds that Things very rarely happen in Life, to raise their Passions in such a Manner as to approve them to their Understandings, and, consequently to make them move in Consent with their Wills. This it is which makes *Splenetic Persons* so very unhappy, and so much harder to be pleased,

pleased, than Others; which is every Day confirmed by Experience: It is also observed that *their* Passions move for the most part with a contrary Motion to that of their Wills and so afflict, instead of delighting them. It is a general Observation, that no Nation in *Europe* is so much addicted to the *Spleen* as the *English*. This is apparent to any Observer from the reigning Distemper of the Clime, which is inseparable from the Spleen, as may be perceived by that gloomy and sullen Temper, generally spread throughout this Kingdom; and from that natural Discontentedness, which makes Us so uneasy to our selves and to one another. Since therefore the *English* are more Splenetick than other People, and, consequently, more Thoughtful and more Reflecting; and therefore more scrupulous in allowing their Passions, Things seldom happening to move them so agreeably to their Reasons, as to entertain and please them; and there being no true and sincere Pleasure, unless these Passions are thus moved, nor any Happiness without Pleasure; it follows, That the *English*, to be happy, have more need, than other People, of something that will raise their Passions in such a Manner, as shall be agreeable to their Reasons, and that by Consequence, they have more need of the *Drama*.

And now, *Madam*, after so much Philosophy concerning Happiness and Pleasure; if I am but so happy, in these small Disquisitions,

as to please You, I shall desire no greater Happiness, till I have the Pleasure of pursuing this Topic and submitting, all I have to offer, to your unerring Judgment.

I am &c.

LETTER IV.

YOU have, *Madam*, by confirming the Positions laid down in my Last, heightened my Happiness; tho', to check it again, you tell me a formidable Author, now upon your Desk, roundly Asserts that, "the *Drama* makes People *unhappy*, by nourishing and fomenting those Passions which occasion the Follies and Imprudences from whence proceeds all their Misfortunes. And not only indulges Love where it is, but creates it where it is *not*." You add, *Madam*, that the Author you refer me to, is famous for Criticism, and gives it as his Opinion that the "*Purgation* which *Aristotle* mentions, is merely Chimerical; and that the more the *Passions* in any one are moved, the *more obnoxious* they are to be moved, and the more unruly they grow." This Writer, *Madam*, I know is a very celebrated *French Gentleman*, but by Monsieur *De St. Evremond's*

Evermond's Favour, this Assertion does not only contradict *Aristotle*, but every Man's daily Experience. And all Men of Sense, particularly, will allow that the oftner they frequent the Theatre, the harder they are to be pleased, that is, moved; and when, at length, they happen to be very much touched by a Scene, we may safely conclude, That such a Scene is very well wrote both for Nature and Art. May it not therefore be very well supposed, that a sensible Person will not be *over obnoxious* to feel too much Compassion upon the view of Calamities which happen every Day in the World, when they, and the Persons to whom they happen, may not so much as once in an Age, have all the Qualifications that are required extremely to touch him?

But since it is urged that the *Drama*, and particularly Tragedy manifestly indulges Love where it *is*, and creates it where it is *not*; To this I answer, that the *Love* represented in Tragedy, *is* Lawful and Regular, or it is *not*. If it is *not*, why then in a Play, which is wrote as it should be, (for I pretend not to defend the Errors or Corruptions of the Stage) it is shewn unfortunate in the Catastrophe, which is sufficient to make an Audience averse from engaging in the Excesses of that Passion. But if it *is* Lawful and Regular, nothing makes a Man happier than *Love*. I speak even of that immediate Pleasure which attends the Passion it self. And

as it certainly makes Him happy for the Present, so there is no Passion, which puts a Man upon things that make Him happier for the Future. For as People have for the most part, a very high Opinion of the Object beloved, it makes them endeavour to become worthy of it, and to increase in Knowledge and Virtue; and not only frequently reclaims them from some grosser Pleasures, of which they were fond before, but breeds in them an utter Detestation of some unnatural Vices, which are now too much in Use in *England*.

Lastly, the *Drama*, is so far from making Men *unhappy*, that *Tragedy* in its Purity, must necessarily make Men Virtuous. *First*, because it moderates the Passions, whose Excesses cause their Vices; *Secondly*, because it instructs them in their Duties, both by its Fable, and by its Sentences. But to Conclude, the grand Objection of most of the Stage-Adversaries, is, that the Theatre is the properest Place in the World to meet, or to find a Mistress, and that several People go thither on Purpose. In Answer to this, I think it is plain, that if there were no Theatres, People would go to other Places upon the same Designs. Tho', if it be allowed, that some People go to the Theatre to meet their Mistresses, yet it is evident that most go to see the Play, who if they could not have that Diversion would, not improbably, go to other Places, with far worse Intentions. Thus having I hope *Ma-*
dam

dam in your Opinion, fully made appear that the Stage is instrumental to the Happiness of Mankind, and more particularly of *Englishmen*; I shall next turn Political Advocate for the Stage, and endeavour to shew, that, as it contributes to the Happiness of particular Men, it is also conducive to the good of the State. In which attempt, *Madam*, if I can be but so happy as to merit your Approbation, it will compensate the ultimate Wishes of

Yours &c.

P. S. I am glad to hear, *Madam*, that The *Plain Dealer* is upon Revival; and that you will do us the extreme pleasure of representing OLIVIA. By exposing Adultery, and making it the immediate Cause of that *Lady's* Misfortunes, this excellent Comedy is rendered a most instructive, and a most noble Satire, upon the Hypocrisy and Villainy of Mankind: Mr. *Wycherley* being, indeed, almost the only modern Writer who has made Comedy instructive in its Fable; almost all the rest, being contented to instruct by their Characters. Many are the extraordinary Qualities which are peculiar to him alone; his Wit, his Penetration, his Satire, his Art, his Characters, and above all, that incomparable Vivacity, by which he has happily *equalled* the Ancients, and *surpassed* the Moderns.

L E T-

LETTER V.

THE *Politicks* of the *Drama*, Madam, will, I hope, appear to be grounded on Reason and Experience. I shall, *first* observe, that Male-Administration has always its Source from the Passions or Vices of those who Govern.

The *Passions* which cause it are for the most part ambition, or the immoderate Love of Pleasure. Now as *Tragedy* checks the One, by shewing the Great Princes of the Earth humbled; so it corrects the Other, by firing the Mind, and raising it to something nobler.

The *Vices* which cause the Male-Administration of Governors, are either Vices of *Weakness* or *Malice*, one causes them to neglect; and the other to oppress their People. Vices of *Weakness* are Inconsiderateness, and Effeminacy, Inconstancy and Irresolution.

Nothing can be a better Remedy for Inconsiderateness than *Tragedy*, which reminds them of their Duty, and perpetually instructs them, either by its Fable or by its Sentences, and shews them the ill and the fatal consequences of irregular Administration; It raises the Soul, and gives it that Greatness, Courage, Force and Constancy which are the Quali-

Qualifications that make Men desire to command others; as is evident from Experience. For they who in all Countries, and Ages, have appeared most to feel the Power of *Tragedy*, have been the most deserving and the greatest of Men. *ÆSCHYLUS* among the *Athenians* was a great Captain as well as a Tragic Poet; and *SOPHOCLES* was both an able Statesman and a victorious General. The very greatest among the *Romans* were Those who appeared so far touched by the *Drama*, as either to write Plays, or build Theatres: Witness *SCIPIO*, *LÆLIUS*, and *LUCULLUS*; the great *POMPEY*, *MECÆNAS*, *JULIUS* and *AUGUSTUS CÆSAR*.

No Man among the *French*, has shewn so much Capacity, and Greatness of Mind as Cardinal *RICHLIEU*, nor expressed so much Passion for the *Drama*; having wrote several Plays himself, even whilst he was laying the Plan of *Universal Monarchy*. And our Immortal Princess Queen *ELIZABETH*, was so far charmed with *it* that She translated a whole *Tragedy* from *EURIPIDES*.

That *Vice* of *Malice*, which chiefly causes Male-Administration, is *Cruelty*, and certainly nothing is more capable of correcting this, than *Tragedy*; which by diving into the hidden Springs of Nature, and making use of all that is powerful in her, in order to the moving *Compassion* has been always found sufficient to soften the most obdurate Heart.

I am

I am next, *Madam*, to shew that the Stage is equally as useful to Subjects, as to Princes; either as to *one another*, or to animate them against the common Enemy. *Tragedy* is very proper to check the Motions which the Populace may at any time feel to Rebellion or Disobedience, by stopping the very Sources of them; for *Tragedy* naturally checks their Ambition, by shewing them the greatest Princes of the Earth humbled, by setting before their Eyes the uncertainty of Human Grandeur, the sudden Turns of State, and the unhappy Conclusion of Violence or Injustice. *Tragedy* likewise, diverts their Apprehension of Grievances, by the Delight which it gives them, discovers the Designs of their Factious Guides, by opening their Eyes, and instructing them in their Duty by the like Example; and lastly it dispels their unreasonable Jealousies; for People who are melted or terrified with the Sufferings of the Great, are rather apt to feel a secret Pleasure, from the Sense which they have of being free from the like Calamities, than to torment themselves with the vain and uncertain Apprehensions of Futurity.

With relation to *one another*, *Tragedy* diverts People from their unjust Designs, by the Pleasure which it gives them; since no Man while he is easy Himself, is in a Humour to disturb others. And in relation to the *common Enemy*, nothing more raises and
exalts

exalts their Minds, and fires them with a noble Emulation who shall best Perform their Duty. About a Century ago, when Dramatic Poetry flourished in *France*, they were not only remarkably united, but advanced their Conquests so fast that they almost doubled their Empire. And it is a surprising Thing to consider that the Spirit of Dramatic Poetry leaving the *French* by the Death of *Moliere*, *Corneille*, and *Racine*, they have since that Time lost almost half their former acquired Conquests. To come home to our selves, This may be said to the Advantage of the *Drama* in *England*, That since it first began to be cultivated among us, we have had our Eyes more open, and found that our Constitution is but ill designed for Conquest; that by being very fortunate, we should run the Risque of becoming very unhappy, and endanger our Liberties, by extending our Empire.

Having thus manifested the Usefulness of the Stage to the Happiness of Mankind, to Government in General, and to the *English* nation in Particular, I shall in my next and last, *Madam* (resolving to give you no farther Interruption, but hereby return you thanks for the indulgent Hearing you have given me) fully answer what has been, or I think is possible to be, objected against the Stage either from Authority, Reason, or Religion,

I am Yours, &c.

Q

L E T.

LETTER VI.

I SHALL first, MADAM, lay before you the Objections against the Stage, brought from Authority. I ask the whole Legion of Antagonists whether the Business of Plays is not to recommend Virtue, to discountenance Vice, and to bring to condign Punishment all enormous Crimes? They must Answer in the Affirmative, none of them can deny it. I will then shew how insignificant Human Authority is against Human Reason.

We are told by Ecclesiasticks, that, *Plato*, *Aristotle*, and *Cicero*, cry out upon licentious Plays, as the Bane of Sobriety and tending to promote Lewdness. By licentious Plays, it is demonstrable that these Sages only inveighed against the Corruptions of the Stage, and Those, *Madam*, you will I am sure do me the Justice to acknowledge, I never pretended to defend. *Livy*, *Tacitus*, and *Plutarch*, with a long Bead-roll of Authorities, are all brought in as Evidence against *Corruption*, for which I shall never plead, and so all of them fall to the Ground.

Mr. *Collier* in his Book against the *Immorality* of the *Stage*, is pleased to bring Citations from a Popish Bishop's *Decree*,* and

* The Bishop of Arras.

the Dutch *Gazette*, and Messieurs *Bedford* and *Law* may if they please join Issue in such irrefragable Vouchers, but I cannot imagine why such Trumpery should be cited, and put upon a Level with Philosophers, Councils, Fathers and Historians, unless our modern *Masters of Arts* would silyly insinuate that they are of equal Authority. But now to proceed to the Objections brought from Reason and Religion. Those brought from Reason are *Four*, to prove that the Stage encourages *Pride*, and *Revenge*; and exposes *Quality* and the *Clergy*. As the two first are General, and the two last Particular, I shall speak to them all succinctly.

I. *Pride*, indisposes Men for Obedience, and living Peaceably. But if *Ambition* is meant by *Pride*, the Stage is so far from encouraging it, that 'tis the Business of *Tragedy* to deter Men from it, by shewing the fall of Princes and States; or if *Pride* be made to signify *Vanity*, or its offspring Affectation, 'tis the intent of *Comedy* to expose those: But if by *Pride*, is meant Pride well regulated, and which is truly called *Greatness* of *Mind*, or *Honour*; then I must confess that the Stage above all Things does encourage it, and by so doing, provides both for the *Happiness* of particular Men and for the *Prosperity* of the Public.

II. As to the *Stage's* encouraging *Revenge*, it does on the contrary, keep Men from

revenging little Injuries, by raising their minds above them. But if it does sometimes shew its Characters, revenging intolerable Injuries, and consequently punishing enormous Crimes, yet, by doing that, it deters Men from committing such Crimes, and from giving the Occasions of such Revenge: So that we may set the one against the other. It equally concerns the Peace of Mankind, that Men should decline the revenging little Injuries which happen every Day, and yet should sometimes revenge intolerable ones, which very seldom happen. That sort of *Tragedy* wherein are the best formed Characters, and the best Contrived Incidents to move Compassion and Terror, has either no Revenge, or by no means that sort of Revenge, which can encourage the Crime in others.

III. The exposing *Quality* on the Theatre, was very frequent with all the Writers of old Comedy. The *Athenian* Nobility were not only mentioned by name, but their very Persons produced by the resemblance of the Vizors the Actors wore. None of the *Roman* Nobility were spared, if they deserved the Lash; no not even Persons of Consular Dignity. But to come to the Reason of the Thing among our selves; If a Lord may not be shewn a Fool upon the Stage (tho' as Mr. *Wycherley* says, He proves a *Leaden Shilling*) I would fain ask what Fools a Comic Poet may lawfully shew there, and at what

what condition of Men he is obliged to Stop? Or, whether the Bard may be allowed to dub his Dramatical Coxcombs? may he shew a Fool a Knight Baronet, or a Knight-Bachelor? Or, are they too included in Quality? must he be obliged to go no farther than Squire? And must Fool and Squire continue to be Terms Synonymous? whoever will give himself the Diversion to ask our Stage Antagonists these Questions, I dare engage that he will find them sufficiently embarrassed. For, since the bare Advantage of Persons of Distinction makes many of them insupportable, why should any one endeavour to add to their Vanity, by exempting them from common Censure?

Besides, since Follies ought to be exposed, the Follies of the Great are the fittest, as being most Conspicuous and most Contagious. The Follies of the meaner Sort are often the effects of Ignorance, and merit Compassion rather than Contempt. Affected Follies are the most despicable, and as I have already observed, *Affectation* is the *Child* of *Vanity*, and *Vanity* the *Child* of *Quality*.

Lastly, why should a Lord be free from Dramatical Censure, when he can be corrected no where but upon the Stage? A Commoner may be rebuked in Company, but such friendly admonition to a Lord, would be interpreted Scandal. To conclude, Folly as well as Vice, is Personal, and the Satire of Comedy, falls

falls not upon the Order of Men out of which the ridiculous Characters are taken, but upon the Persons of all Orders who are affected with the like Follies.

IV. Exposing the *Clergy* is next to be considered. Here I shall be Brief. It is pretended, that, to affront a Priest, is to affront the Deity; so it is to affront a Peasant who is a good Christian: Besides, Affronts are always Personal, but a Priest in a Play is a general Character; and the bringing an ill, or a ridiculous, one upon the Stage, rather proceeds from our Veneration for Religion, than from any Contempt of it.

Now for the closing Articles, *Reason* and *Religion*. It is plain from History and Experience, that *Religion* has always flourished with the *Stage*; for the *Athenians* and *Romans* who most encouraged it, were the most *religious* People in the World. And upon our own Stage, Profligate Characters are always sacrificed to Dramatical Justice. Thus *Don John* is destroyed for his Libertinism and his Impiety; *Timon* for his Profusion and Intemperance; *Macbeth* for his lawless Ambition and Cruelty; *Castalio* for his Falshood to his Brother and his Friend; *Jaffeir* for his clandestine Marraige with the Daughter of his Benefactor; and *Belvidera* for her Disobedience. This also is remarkable, that the *Church* and the *Hierarchy*, ever since the *Reformation*, have flourished with the *Stage*,
were

were *deposed* with it, and *Restored* with it, and that they may still continue mutually to *flourish*, is my hearty *Prayer*; to which MADAM, I am sure you are so good a Christian as to say AMEN.

P. S. I hope, MADAM, the following Characters of the Plays, of which you were pleased to ask my Opinion, will prove Satisfactory. *viz.*

I.

The COUNTRY WIFE.

In the *Drama* of this Comedy, the Husband is represented to be one of those Debauchees who run through the Vices of the Town, and believe, when they think fit, they can marry and settle at their Ease. His own Knowledge of the Iniquity of the Age, makes him chuse a Wife wholly ignorant of it, and place his Security in her want of Skill how to abuse him. The Poet, on many occasions, where the Propriety of the Character will admit of it, insinuates, That there is no Defence against Vice, but the Contempt of it: And has, in the Natural Ideas of an Untainted Innocent, shown the gradual Steps to Ruin and Destruction, which Persons of Condition run into, without the Help of a good Education how to form their Conduct. The Torment of a Jealous Coxcomb, which arises from his own
False

False Maxims, and the Aggravation of his Pain; by the very Words in which he sees her Innocence, makes a very pleasant and instructive Satire. The Character of *Horner*, and the design of it, is a good Representation of the Age, in which that Comedy was written; at which Time Love and Wenching were the Business of Life, and the Gallant Manner of pursuing Women was the best Recommendation at Court. To which only it is to be imputed, that a Gentleman of Mr. *Wycherley's* Character and Sense, condescends to represent the Insults done to the Honour of the Bed, without just Reproof, but to have drawn a Man of Probity with Regard to such Considerations, had been a Monster, and a Poet had at that Time discovered his want of knowing the Manners of the Court he lived in, by a Vertuous Character in his fine Gentleman, as he would show his Ignorance, by drawing a Vicious One to please the present Audience.

II.

The ALCHEMIST.

This Comedy is an Example of *Ben Johnson's* Extensive Genius and Penetration into the Passions and Follies of Mankind. The Scene in the Fourth Act, where all the cheated People expose the Man that

See, The TATLER. N^o. 3.

would

would open their Eyes, has something in it so inimitably Excellent, that it is certainly as great a Master-piece as has ever appeared by any Hand. The Author's great Address in shewing Covetousness, the Motive of the Actions of the *Puritan*, the *Gamester*, the *Epicure*, and the *Trader*, and that all their Endeavours, how differently soever they seem to tend, center only in that one Point of Gain, shews that he had to a great Perfection that Discernment of Spirit, which constitutes a Genius for a Comedy. *

III.

VOLPONE: Or, The Fox.

In this Play *Ben Johnson* has made every Man's Passion be towards Money, and yet not one of them expresses that Desire, or endeavours to obtain it any way but what is peculiar to him only: One Sacrifices his Wife, another his Profession, another his Posterity, from the same Motive; but their Characters are kept so skilfully apart, that it seems prodigious their Discourses should rise from the Invention of the same Author. †

* Tatler, N^o 14. Vol. I. † Tatler, N^o 14. Vol. III.

IV.

The BUSIE BODY.

This Comedy was written by Mrs. *Centlivre*. The Plot and Incidents of the Play are laid with that subtilty of Spirit which is peculiar to Females of Wit, and is very seldom well performed by those of the other Sex, in whom Craft in Love is an Act of Invention, and not as with Women the Effect of Nature and Instinct. *

V.

The EARL of *Essex*.

There is not one good Line in this Tragedy, and yet it is a Play which was never seen without drawing Tears from some part of the Audience. A remarkable Instance, that the Soul is not to be moved by Words, but Things; for the Incidents in this *Drama* are laid together so happily, that the Spectator makes the Play for himself, by the Force which the Circumstance has upon Imagination. Thus in spite of the most dry Discourses, and Expressions almost as ridiculous with respect to Propriety, it is impossible for one unprejudiced to see it untouched with

* Tatler. N^o. 14. Vol. I.

Pity. I must confess that the Effect is not wrought on such as examine why they are pleased; but it never fails to appear on those who are not too learned in Nature, to be moved by her first Suggestions. *

VI.

Epsom-WELLS.

This Comedy is very just, and the low part of Human Life represented with much Humour and Wit. †

VII.

The OLD BACHELOR.

Is a Comedy of deserved Reputation. In the Character which gives Name to this Play, there is excellently represented the Reluctance of a battered Debauchee to come into the Trammels of Order and Decency: He neither languishes nor burns, but frets for Love. The Gentlemen of more regular Behaviour, are drawn with much Spirit and Wit, and the Drama introduced by the Dialogue of the first Scene with uncommon, yet natural Conversation. The Part of *Fondlewife* is a lively Image of the unseasonable Fondness of Age and Impotence. §

* Tatler. N^o. 14. Vol. I. † Tatler. N^o. 7. Vol. I.

§ Tatler. N^o. 9. Vol. I.

VIII.

The MODERN PROPHETS.

The *Drama* of this Play is a most unanswerable Satire against the Spirit of Enthusiasm. Mr. *Durfey* had by long Experience observed, That in Company, very grave Discourses have been followed by Bawdy; and therefore he has turned the Humour that Way with great Success, and taken from his Audience all manner of Superstition, by the pretty Agitations of Mrs. *Bicknell*, whom he has made a *Lay-Sister*, as well as a *Prophetess*, by which means *she* carries on the Affairs of both Worlds with great Success. *

IX.

The Recruiting Officer.

The Humour is not hit in the Character of *Serjeant Kite*, and if it be not admirably supplied by the Action of the Person who performs that Part, the Play cannot be supported. †

X.

A Trip to the *Jubilee*.

The Dialogue of this Play has something too low to bear a Criticism upon it, but the

* Tatler. N^o. 11. Vol. I. † Tatler. N^o. 20. Vol. I.



*Whilst D'urfey's voice his verse do's raise,
When D'urfey sings his Tunefull Layes,
Give D'urfey's Lyrick-muse the Bayes*

E. G.

Gallantry, the Youth, and Gaiety of a young Man of a plentiful Fortune, is looked upon with as much Indulgence on the Stage, as in real Life, without any of those Intermixtures of Wit and Humour, which usually prepossess us in favour of such Characters in other Plays.

Let us now return for the last Time, to the Theatre. Having already mentioned Miss CAMPION's good Fortune, in being honoured with the Friendship of the Duke of *Devonshire*, I am here to observe, that, a very short time put a Period to her Happiness.

Paying some Visits, last Summer, to my Friends in *Buckinghamshire*, (as the Monuments of the Dead never escape my Notice) in *Latimer's* Church in that County, I found Miss CAMPION was Buried. She was taken off in her Bloom, by a Hæctic-Fever, under which she languished four Months, being but Nineteen Years of Age. Her Endowments both of Mind and Body, are very elegantly delineated in the following Inscription, upon a very neat Marble Tablature erected to her Memory, in the Church above mentioned, by his Grace WILLIAM Duke of *Devonshire*.

Requiescit Hic

Pars mortalis Mariæ Annæ Campion,

Obijt 19 Maij, Anno M.DCC.VI. Ætat. 19.

Quod superest ex altera parte quære,

Formam Egregiam et miris illecebris ornatum.

Virtute

Virtutes Animi superarunt
 Plebeium genus (sed honestum)
 Nobilitate morum decoravit.

Supra ætatem Sagax.

Supra Sortem (præsertim egenis) benigna.

Inter Scenicos Ludos in quibus aliquandiu versata est)

Verecunda et intemerata

Post quatuor mensium languorem

(à Febri Hectica correptum)

Intempestivam mortem

Forti pectore et Christiana Pietate subivit.

Humanitate præditis

(Si quid mentem mortalia tangunt)

Flebilis;

Amicis heu flebilior !

Dilectissimis Reliquijs Sacrum,

Lapidem hunc poni curavit.

G. D. D. *

The foregoing Inscription has been thus attempted in *English*, viz.

MARY ANNE CAMPION,

Died on the 19th Day of May, 1706,

in the 19th Year of her Age.

Resting in Peace, her Mortal Part, here Lies;

But, her Immortal Soul, assumes the Skies.

Her lovely Form with ev'ry Grace conjoin'd

Illustrated the Virtues of her Mind.

* i. e. Gulielmus Devonix Dux.

*The meanly Born, her Morals were sincere,
And such, as the most Noble Blood might wear.
Her Wisdom far above her Years did show,
Above her Fortune did her Bounty flow.
Some Years the Stage her sprightly Action grac'd,
Most others, in her Conduct, she surpass'd.
Four Months a Ling'ring Fever's wasting Pains,
Her Breast with Christian Fortitude sustains.
Her immature Decease soft Hearts bewail,
Relentless Grief her loving Friends assail.
Sacred to her most dear Remains, be't known,
His Grace of Devon Consecrates this Stone.*

The Gentleman who favoured me with the Translation of Miss CAMPION's Inscription, assures me, that in the Blank Leaf of her Common Prayer-Book, given her by the Duke of Devonshire, were written the following Twelve remarkable Verses, from Mr. Dryden's Conquest of Granada, which it seems his Grace recommended to her as a Plan of Natural Religion, and of his own Belief in such Matters, viz.

*By Reason Man a Godhead may Discern;
But how he should be worship'd cannot learn.
O Heav'n how dark a Riddle's thy Decree,
Which Bounds our Wills, yet seems to leave 'em Free?
Since thy Fore-knowledge cannot be in vain
Our Choice must be what thou didst first Ordain.*

Thus

Thus like a Captive in an Isle confin'd

Man walks at large, a Prisoner of the Mind.

Wills all his Crimes, while Heav'n th' Indictment draws.

And pleading Guilty justifies the Laws.

None knows what Fate is for himself design'd,

The Thought of Human Chance should Make us Kind.

His Grace of *Devonshire* did not long survive Miss CAMPION, Dying in about a Year after her. This Amour, and the Duke's Political Character, drew upon Dr. *White Kennet*, late Bishop of *Peterborough* some very severe Reflections, on Account of the Sermon he Preached at his Funeral in the Church of *All-hallows* in *Derby*, Sept. 5. 1707. I shall not load these Papers with a recital of what has been said *Pro* and *Con*, by Pamphleteers, but content my self, and I hope the Reader, in giving a short State of the *Case*, as it is very handsomely drawn up with regard to the Memories both of the *Spiritual* and *Temporal* Peer by the Writer of Bishop *Kennet's* Life. — * “ a growing
“ Set of People, were disposed to dislike
“ every thing he wrote or did: For the
“ Times were now come, when Parties judg'd
“ of Actions and Writings, not by the Merit
“ of the Performances, but by the Affection
“ or Prejudice they bore to the name of the
“ Authors of them. He was now stamp't

* See Bishop *Kennet's* Life, Printed in Octavo, 1730. pag. 35. & Seq.

for a *Whig-Writer*; which was as bad as the being a *Republican*, and a *Presbyterian*; and that was *worse* than the being a *Papist*. Many of our best Prelates and Divines have suffered under the same Prejudices of Malice and Ignorance; when their Political Writings have offended, then the Party run down all their other Performances whatsoever. When once Angry, they catch at new Causes, and fresher pretences of being more Angry; like Children and other People of no Command upon themselves, they are scratching of a *new* Wound, because of an Itching in the *old* Sore.

It was under this Disadvantage that Doctor *Kennet* was called to preach a *Funeral Sermon* for the Duke of *Devonshire*, from which he excused himself, as a Stranger to that noble Family, and till then utterly unknown to them. But it appeared that a Reverend Prelate had recommended him to that Duty, and had undertaken to give him such Instructions, as might enable him to speak with Truth and proper Observations of that Great Man. Upon this Encouragement, he complied with the importunate Request, and upon a short Warning, amidst the Necessity of asking many Questions, and making many Visits, he drew up a serious Sermon, and attended the very solemn Funeral to *Derby*, delivering the Sermon before a very full Audience of the neighbouring Gentry, who could best Judge

S

of

of the Character given of that noble Peer; and in the same Evening, one of them at Table, in the Name of the Rest, thanked the Preacher, and told him, that they in that Country, had been Witnesses of the Truth of the most material Things he had so well spoken of the Late Duke: And it was by their Report, and the concurrent Testimony of that Part of the Family that attended those Obsequies, that his late Grace the Duke of *Devonshire*, a Peer of great Prudence and Probity, generously approved of that last Office, and desired the Doctor to publish the Sermon; to which he submitted with the less Fear of Offence, because all he said relating to his Life, was either suggested or allowed by the then Bishop of *Sarum*, who was intimately acquainted with his Grace's Conduct; and all that he Observed concerning his Sickness and Death, was communicated to him by the Eye-Witness, and faithful Judge of them, the then Lord Bishop of *Ely*. Upon their Authority, and Approbation, the Doctor published his Sermon, and confirmed the main Subject of it, by casting in some Historical Collections relating to the Descent and Progress of that Noble Family, to which he made a modest Dedication to the late Duke; which he (who would have despised Flattery, and abhorred Falshood) was so well pleased with, that he had a Respect and Favour for the Doctor, and shewed it in a very kind Manner,

Manner, by recommending him to the Queen, for the Deanery of *Peterborough*, soon after Vacant by the Death of Dr. *Freeman*, which we may suppose was the more easily obtained of her Majesty, as being her Chaplain in Ordinary, by the Recommendation of the Lord Archbishop of *Canterbury* and the Earl of *Godolphin*. This Preferment, tho' not so much to be envied, raised the fiercer Spite and Malice of the Party against him: Libels and peevish Sermons pointed at him. They got young Men to tune the *Oxford* Pulpit, and let out their University Press to the printing, or reprinting a Sorry Libel * of poor *John Dunton's*, against the deceased Duke and his Funeral Preacher; Some said that, he had covered all the Vices of that great Man, which was so far from being true, that he plainly intimated them. — “ That this
“ was the true Bottom of all the Clamour
“ against Dean *Kennet*, both then and after-
“ wards, is evident from the many violent
“ Pamphlets and Libels published against
“ him.” And, it is meerly to shew the inveteracy of Prejudice on all Occasions, and of Party Malice in some, that the Reader has been troubled with this Digression; but, with candid Minds it will have its due Weight and Use. For, as to the Dean's palliating ALL the Duke's Vices, thereby insinuating, that he was privy to his Grace's Amour with Miss

* The Hazard of a Death-Bed Repentance.

Campion; and also that he was the Author of her Monumental Inscription; “These Cumnies he was so little concerned in, that he has often said, he had never before heard of them.” The Intrigue he was wholly a Stranger to, and as to the Inscription it is well known to be the Performance of his Grace’s own elegant Pen.

We have been lately told, by a noted *State-Writer*, that, “Persons who move in a Superior Orb, will not be mewed up; nor be barred those Pleasures, which every Inferior Person thinks he has a right to pursue”. *

Mrs. *Manley* tells us, in her Life, that the Dutcheß of *Cleveland*’s Favourite, and the only Man she loved, was Mr. *Goodman* the Player; tho’ she had the Power of Captivating Princes. And, tho’ as Sir *Samuel Garth* Sings, † the Stage is a Spot,

*Where Purple Emperors in Buskins tread,
And rule imaginary Worlds for Bread;*

Yet, many are the Instances of *real* Monarchs, and Persons of the *first* Distinction, who have felt the Power of Beauty from the Stage, and fallen willing Victims to a Theatrical *Venus*.

The Admirers of Mrs. *OLDFIELD* may justly be said to be innumerable, as her Performance on the Stage was allowed to be inimitable. But to point out the Persons who shared the esteem

* See Observations on the Writings of the *Craftsman*.

† See The Dispensary, a Poem.

of her private Friendship, is not the intent of these Papers as I have publickly declared. The Gentleman who has Lived with her since the Death of Mr. *Maynwaring* made it his sole Business and Delight to place her in the same rank of Reputation, (to which her own natural Deportment greatly contributed,) with Persons of the best Condition, and the mention she has made of him, in her Will, sufficiently confirms her just Value for him.

Among the other *Dramatical Memoirs*, herein recited, Mr. *Wycherley* having been mentioned on Account of his most excellent Writings; I think my self in Justice to *his* Memory (as well as to the Gentleman * who married his Widow) to set the Affair of his Marrying, *just at the Eve of his Death*, (as Major *Pack* well expresses it) in a true Light.

It must be acknowledged that poor Mr. *Wycherley* was *incapable*, as he told the Lady, of rendering her *due Benevolence*; but he was very unwilling to be rendered *incapable* of paying his Debts (through his Nephew's ungenerous Treatment of him) when he knew what was in his Power; so that it must embalm his Memory, with the greatest *Honour*, when it is known, that *Justice* was the only Motive of his changing his Condition.

* Capt. Shrimpton.

But I will no longer detain the Reader, from *A True State of the Case*, as it was sent to the Gentleman to whom it is Addressed, and by whom it was to me communicated.

To Mr. D E S M****.

S I R,

I Am very apt to believe you have heard some Circumstances relating to Mr. WYCHERLEY's *Marriage*, several Persons having been so industrious to vilify me on this Account, therefore, notwithstanding Dr. M——n's kind Recommendations, I shall make bold to trouble you with the shortest State of the Matter I can draw up, before I offer to ask the Favour which I am to hope for, from the Doctor's Interest with you.

It may be necessary, Sir, to acquaint you, that I was the nearest Relation Mr. *Wycherley* had living by his Mother's Side : That for a Year and half before his Death he confided in me as a particular Friend, and as one who never slipt any Opportunity of serving him to my Power. It happened about six or seven Weeks before his Death he was under great Straits for Money, and Arrested on an Execution for about 30 *l.* which was prosecuted at the Suit of one *Barnes*, formerly his Servant, on pretence of Wages in Arrear, which

Mr.

Mr. *Wycherley* had really paid him, but mislaid the Receipts, which since his Death have come to hand. On his being in Custody he failed not to solicit his most intimate Acquaintance, and such as were best able to serve him, for a supply to release him, but all in vain: His Uneasiness under this Calamity joined with the Respect I had for the Man, engaged me to borrow 30 *l.* and set him at Liberty. The Resentments which he entertained of this Prosecution exasperated him so, that he then solemnly vowed to pursue his Resolutions and former Intentions of Marrying, saying, That the Villain his Nephew was at the bottom of it, on purpose to distress him: Thereupon he renewed his Addresses to Mrs. *E. Jackson*, as likewise to another Gentlewoman about the same time, for he told me he would Marry tho' it were on his Death Bed, which indeed he afterwards did; but though he was very weak about the time of his Marriage, (not in his Understanding, as our Adversaries have endeavoured to represent him;) yet none, I believe, looked upon him under immediate Danger of Death, but only languishing under his Years and ill Circumstances, and fatigued with the Gravel.

I must inform you likewise, Sir, that while he was in Confinement, and complaining of the ill Usage of his Friends, he, with the utmost Vehemence, importuned me to
take

take a Journey for him into *Shropshire*, and alledged that his Nephew, whom he still called Villain, and ever named with Terms of Reproach, had combined with his Tenants to distress him by keeping back his Rents, and indeed I found he did so, when I got into the Country. The Reason I have to mention this Circumstance is, that my Adversaries have maliciously suggested in their Bill that I by Artifice and Application, prevailed on Mr. *Wycherley* to let me go down into *Salop*, obtained a Letter of Attorney from him, received to the Amount of 100 *l.* from his Tenants, and that when I came up again, I concealed the having received any Money for him, applied the same to my own Use, and kept him in Distress on purpose to force him, for his Support, to Marry.

These Allegations are so far from Truth, that I received not above Forty and odd Pounds in all, good Part Mr. *Wycherley* had taken up himself, as appeared by his Receipts, and at least One Hundred and Fifty Pounds were demanded by the Mortgagees on the Estate for an Arrear of Interest, and to whom Mr. *Wycherley* had consigned the Profits of several of his Lands for Satisfaction for the same: For though the Mortgagees had agreed with Mr. *Wycherley* to take his Arrear by a Proportion of 30 *l.* Half Yearly above their growing Interest, yet the Nephew worked them up to insist on the whole Arrear at once,

once, or to enter on the Estate: And they being prevailed on to make such a Demand was the great Occasion of Mr. *Wycherley's* being in want for Money to support him: Out of that small Sum I could receive for him, I had his express Order to repay the 30 *l.* which I procured to be advanced to release him from Confinement, and a like Order to pay above 4 *l.* to one Mr. *Baldwine*, in *Salop*; so that with my own Expences of the Journey, I had but a very scanty Surplus to pay to Mr. *Wycherley* at my Return. His Money falling thus short, and no Possibility of a Supply till the next Half Year should come round, beset as he was with Illness and Necessity, I doubt not but he resumed his Resolutions of Marriage, with more Haste than perhaps he would have done with a fuller Purse, and more hale Constitution.

That he married is certain; and it is as certain that this Action of his has been differently construed. That Part of the Town who were somewhat intimate with his Intentions, have been satisfied he married to revenge himself on a disobliging Nephew, to make himself easy in his Circumstances, and to die in a Capacity of leaving no Debts behind him. The other Part, who have looked upon it as strange for a Gentleman of his Years to marry a young Lady, have been told a Story, that he was grown delirious, had a Power of making a Jointure, and so by Force and

Fraud was worked up to a Marriage. I must here take Notice, Sir, that our Adversaries in their Bill have been pleased to make me the Instrument and Agent in bringing this about, that I threatened him into it with a particular Design of getting an Estate out of him, and marrying his Widow, as, they suggest, I had beforehand contracted with her to do: Nay, they go farther in their Scandal, for by an unsupported Charge they say, I was actually married to her before she married Mr. *Wycherley*, and that I married her again a second time some Months after his Decease.

As their Allegations stand, Sir, you must observe, that I was designedly active in this Affair, and that Mr. *Wycherley* proceeded but as an antiquated Invalid, come to a second State of Childhood, and so to be influenced by Menaces and Persuasions.

I have been forced to put in a large Answer, Sir, to their numerous and infamous Charges, in which I have positively denied any such Designs on his Estate, any such Actings by me to marry him against his Will and Inclinations, and any such previous Contract or Combination with the Lady. They have indeed by their Witnesses endeavoured to fix all these Imputations on me, I shall beg leave in the proper Place to remark a little on the Evidence and the Nature of their Depositions, and shall only add here in my Defence,

fence, that I solemnly declare, however they have gone about to falsify my Answer, I cannot charge either my Memory or Conscience with any one wilful Untruth, or Misrepresentation of Facts throughout the whole.

But besides, Sir, I have also proved in my Case, that Mr. *Wycherley* was of sound Mind and Understanding, by the Testimony of Gentlemen of most undoubted Reputation, that it was his prior Design and Resolution to marry for the Reasons I have before hinted, and that he took the necessary Steps in it himself, without that Leading or Compulsion which is suggested; I hope the making his Will must be deemed the fairest collateral Proof that can be, that he neither had a Wife imposed upon him or against his Inclinations. His WILL bears Date on the very Day he died, and the twelfth from his Marriage: * He sent for his own Friend to draw it when I was not near his Lodgings, gave the Instructions himself, approved it when drawn, and therein leaves me Executor in Trust for his *dearly and well beloved Wife Elizabeth Wycherley*, as he therein stiles her.† It is sufficiently attested that Mr. *Wycherley* was fully *compos mentis* when he ordered and signed his Will; and as he was so, I appeal to you, Sir, whether it can be supposed, if

* Mr. Wycherley Died 1715, Ætat. 79. He lies interred in the Vault of Covent Garden Church.

† See his Will hereunto annexed.

Mr. *Wycherley* thought I had imposed on him in his Marriage, or had a Design on his Estate, he would have constituted me of all Men in the World his Executor? Or, if he were not pleased with what he had done, that he would take the Pains, in his dying Minutes, of his own meer Motion, to make a Will, which could serve only to confirm his Marriage, and express his kind Intentions to the Lady whom he had taken.

Mr. *Wycherley* dying in about two Hours after the Signing his Will, on a *Saturday*, a mighty Clamour was raised against me, by my Adversaries, for concealing his Death till after the Post was gone out that Night; this is a Fact which I have made no Scruple to admit, and think, for the following Reasons, I did but my Duty in keeping the same private: When I came to Visit Mr. *Wycherley*, the *Friday* Night before his Death, I found him and his Wife sitting close together, and thinking they might be busy, I offered to retire, but he called me back, and said, *Cousin, stay, I had just sent for you, and so pray sit down. I doubt I have brought this poor Lady into Trouble, for I find I am not a Man for this World; and as I have always had a Confidence in you, and found you my Friend, I must beg you to continue your Friendship to my Wife; for there is a Fellow, one A——y, a Counsel, who has combined with my Nephew to distress me, on purpose to force me*
to

to an Act of Parliament, for Sale of my Estate, or to alter my Father's Settlement, contrary to my Inclinations: And I know when I am dead they will give my Wife all the Disturbance they can. As I was named one of the Trustees in the Settlement on the Lady, which was done at the Request of the Lady's Mother, who meant it as a Compliment to Mr. Wycherley, knowing I was a Relation of his, I looked on this Discourse of Mr. Wycherley's as a warrantable Reason for concealing his Death, till I could set out for *Shropshire*, to enter on the Estate, in right of the Jointress, and prevent the Nephew from any prior Combinations with the Tenants to her Prejudice: And for that only Reason did I desire his Decease should be kept secret for that Day.

After the Tenants had, with some Scruples, Attorned to the Jointress, the first Step Mr. A——y took was to vilify her, and prevent them from paying any of the Rents. It was given out by him that she was a Woman of no Family or Reputation, a Dresser to the Play-houses, or something no better; and though she had got a sort of pretended Jointure, yet he would set it aside, for she had imposed on the poor old Man, and passed for a Fortune, though she had not a Farthing of her own: These Insinuations, Sir, I assure you, are false and scandalous; she is one of the Daughters and Coheiresses of Mr. Jos. Jackson,

Jackson, a Gentleman late of *Hertingfordbury*, as the late Lord Chancellour *Cowper* very well knew, her Family having the Honour for several Years of being very conversant in his House; her Fortune, at the time of her Marriage with Mr. *Wycherley*, did really amount to 1000 *l.* which would all have come into his Pocket had he lived, and 190 *l.* part thereof, was actually paid to him in his Life time, as we have sworn in our Answer; and could as easily have proved, had not our Counsel advised, that the Nephew was not intitled to an Account of her Fortune, or the Applications thereof. When I went to ask Mr. *A——y* for what Reasons he defamed the Lady, by such Reports as aforesaid, he replied, it was the Account he had of her; but if it were not so, Lawyers had a Liberty to say any thing that promoted their Client's Interest; yet, notwithstanding he had so great a Value for his Client, if the Widow would take 1500 *l.* and resign her Jointure, she should have it, rather than go to Law with her; but if she would not accept of that, she should have nothing. She being thus threatened, Sir, I had reason to apprehend her Jointure was to be contested, and as I had obliged my self by Promise to Mr. *Wycherley* to serve her to the utmost of my Power, as well as being bound to it by suffering my self to be a Trustee; I knew by a due Application to her Affairs, I must consequently

frequently neglect my own Interest, (for I was then endeavouring to obtain a Company, being but a Captain on the Half Pay) and considering, as she was so young, she would probably marry again, and then I did not know whom I might have been serving: I then began my Addresses to her, and in about three Months after Mr. *Wycherley's* Death prevailed on her to marry me.

Immediately upon my Marriage with her Mr. *A——y* was no less liberal in throwing Dirt at me, alledging, I was a common Barber, was married to her before she was married to Mr. *Wycherley*, and that we had contrived together to impose on the poor old Poet to get an Estate to ourselves, which, with a great many other infamous Allegations, were drawn up, and put into Mr. *Wycherley's*, the Nephew's Cross-Bill, who afterwards likewise by Reference made them a Part of his Answer to our Original Bill, and desired they might be taken as such, charging all the Substance thereof to be Fact and Truth.

It may not be improper to inform you, Sir, what Pains they have likewise taken to make us go round about for the Recovery of our Right; Part of the Jointure being incumbered with a Mortgage for 1000 *l.* they prevailed with the Mortgagee not to join with us in an Ejectment, so as to try our Right at Common Law, but gave out, that if they could get us into *Chancery* they would
then

then make it cost us Money enough, and we should be glad to take any thing at last; this necessitated us to bring our Bill against the Nephew (the Heir) and the Mortgagee. The Nephew filed a long and abusive Cross-Bill, and though we have been driving the Cause forward, as fast as we could, for near two Years, yet, by artificial Delays, they have kept it from a Hearing till last Term; and though we put in a full Answer, they expected: And though, to save time, we submitted to put in a farther Answer, we had no sooner done the same, but they got an Order to amend their Bill, and exhibited another of 127 Sheets long, not 13 of which vary either in Substance or the very Words from their first Bill.

I will beg leave now, Sir, to add a Word in relation to their Evidence by whom they have attempted to support their Plea of Equity, and then must hasten to beg your Pardon for burthening you with so long a Detail.

Though we proved every Part of what we were advised, made our Case good by the Depositions of Persons whose Characters and Reputations are unquestionable, they have not stuck to overthrow, if hard Swearing may do it, every Point that should be essential to us: They swear they believe Mr. *Wycherley* delirious, and *non Compos*, though we prove his Sanity by his Physicians Dr. *Mead*, Sir
John

John Shadwell, and others as competent Judges. They swear, it was against his Inclinations to marry, and a direct Force upon him; though we prove by the Minister, who discoursed him first privately, that he knew what he did, and acted in the Affair spontaneously: And tho' we prove, beyond Contradiction, that he had a prior Design of marrying, and had employed Friends of his in carrying on a Treaty of Marriage for him.

I must not expatiate too far on this Head, but go on to inform you by what Persons, on their Side, all their Calumnies are supported. The only Witnesses they could rake up for this Task were a Man Servant, and a hireling Nurse; both made serviceable, I may dare affirm to you, from their Resentments to us; the Man Servant, who continued to live with the Widow some Months after Mr. *Wycherley's* Death, was turned away for being caught in Bed with the Maid; and the Nurse piqued being balked of her Expectations of Mourning, of which she made a Demand upon Mr. *Wycherley's* Death; I must tell you in general, Sir, that their Depositions appear plainly to be concerted for them, and their Story is told in Terms which you would be convinced neither of them understood: And besides that, as my Lord Chancellor * excellently observed, People frequently falsified

* The Earl of *Macclesfield*.

themselves by swearing too much. I hope their Testimonies must be judged of less Validity, if not to amount to wilful Perjury, when their Depositions positively contradict one another. I will trouble you, Sir, but with two or three Instances of this kind, to assure you I have not made such a Construction without Cause.

First, The Man Servant swears, that the better to carry on my Design on Mr. *Wycherley*, I came continually to his Lodgings at Mrs. *Watkins's*, carried him out, made him drunk, and intoxicated him with Liquors from time to time, (of which he often complained to the said Mrs. *Watkins*) and persuaded him to remove from that Lodging, it being too publick for my Designs on him; but when Mrs. *Watkins* herself comes to be examined, she swears she never saw me, or heard of my Name till Mr. *Wycherley's* last Sickness, at which time he lodged at another House, and had done so for some Months.

Secondly, The Man swears, that when Mr. *Wycherley* was to be married, the Minister not being come for that purpose, I was very uneasy; and when he informed me the Dinner I had bespoke was ready, that I replied, I could not eat a Bit till the Marriage was over: But when the Nurse comes to be examined, she says, she cannot particularly depose

depose on what Day of the Month the Marriage was, but that the Ceremony thereof was performed in the Forenoon.

And *Thirdly*, To trouble you Sir, with no more of their Inconsistencies, the Nurse swears I had an actual Design to get Mr. *Wycherley* married, that I might marry the Lady after his Decease, for that I my self told her I had such a Design. This I doubt not, Sir, but you will look upon as a surprizing Piece of Evidence, that I should have the Policy to carry on a Scheme of such a Nature, and the Shallowness to confess that Policy to a Person in whom I could repose no Confidence, and with whom I had no other Acquaintance than seeing her as a Nurse to Mr. *Wycherley*: I am persuaded the Wisdom of my Lord Chancellor will soon induce him to believe that such Witnesses must either be wrought to swear hard, or be Persons whose common Sense is misguided by their little Honesty.

I have at last, Sir, I think, run thro' all the Circumstances of my Case, without setting any false Gloss upon it, or amusing you with what is not strictly true: Permit me now to make that Request which, from Dr. *M——n's* Recommendations, and the Character I have from him, and others, of your Goodness, I am persuaded will be granted me. Our Papers all lye now before my Lord

Chancellor, who, on the Hearing, was so tender of the Heir at Law, and so startled at the seeming Strength of their Depositions, that he would not make his *Decree* without taking the trouble of reading over all the Pleadings. I am so well assured of his Lordship's Integrity and deep Judgment, that I have no Apprehensions of the Strength of my Case; but I am sensible that the Turn which Gentlemen of your Parts can give to such a Case, upon a proper Opportunity, never is of inconsiderable Service. If you will vouchsafe to speak in our Favour, and move his Lordship to dispatch our Affair, in Compassion to a distressed Family who have been forced to spend almost all they have in pursuit of their just Right, I shall receive the Obligation with the greatest Sense of Gratitude, and be ready to approve my self, as I ought, tho' yet unknown to you,

S I R,

Your most obliged,

Humble Servant

THO. SHRIMPTON.

A True Copy of Mr. Wycherley's Last Will and Testament.

IN the Name of G O D Amen. I William Wycherley, of the Parish of St. Paul Covent-Garden, in the County of Middlesex, Esq; being Infirm of Body, but of good and perfect Memory, praised be G O D; do make and ordain this my Last Will and Testament, in Manner and Form following, *viz.* First, and Principally, I commend my Soul into the Hands of Almighty G O D, hoping through the Merits and Mediation of my Blessed Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST, to inherit Eternal Life; My Body I commit to the Earth to be decently Buried, *in Christian Burial*; * at the Discretion of my Executor, herein after Named, in certain Expectation of a Joyful Resurrection at the last Day. And, in respect of my Worldly Estate, I dispose thereof as followeth (that is to say) *Imprimis*, I Order and Direct, that, *All the Just and Lawful Debts which I shall owe at the time of my Decease, shall, with the Charges of my Funeral, be in the first place duly Paid, and Discharged.* All the rest and residue of all and singular my Estate, Ready Money, Plate, Jewels, Goods,

* Mr. Wycherley died a Romanist.

and Chattels whatsoever, (*my Debts, Funeral Expences, Probat of this my Will, and all other necessary Charges relating to the due Administration of my Estate, being first Paid and Discharged*) I give and bequeath unto my Dear and well beloved Wife *ELIZABETH WYCHERLEY*; and of this my Last Will and Testament I do hereby make and appoint my loving Kinsman *THOMAS SHRIMPTON* of the said Parish of *St. Paul Covent Garden*, Esq; sole Executor, hereby revoking and making void all former Wills by me made, and declaring this Testament to be my True and Last Will. In Witness whereof I have hereunto set my Hand and Seal the One and Thirtieth Day of *December, Anno Domini 1715*; and in the Second Year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord *GEORGE*, &c.

WILLIAM WYCHERLEY.

Signed, Sealed, Published, and Declared by the Testator, *William Wycherley*, as, and for, his Last Will and Testament, in the Presence of Us, who have attested the same as Witnesses thereto, in his Presence.

Christopher Metcalfe.

Amos Ferne.

Rob. Hodson.

The

The foregoing Case of Mr. *Wycherley's* Executor, and the unjust litigious Usage he met with, is, I think, a sufficient *Memento* for all Persons whatever, who have any Effects to leave behind them, how prudently circumspect they ought to be in settling their Affairs before their Decease. Tho' notwithstanding, all the Care and Caution imaginable, where there is a Fellow, who wears a *Corinthian-Forehead*, such a one as Capt. *Shrimpton* had to do with, a Man of Honour will find it very difficult to get out of his Clutches. Mr. *Otway* in his Tragedy of *Venice Preserved*, has described the Misery of a Man, whose Effects are in the Hands of the Law, with great Spirit. The Bitterness of being the Scorn and Laughter of base Minds, the Anguish of being insulted by Men, hardened beyond the Sense of Shame or Pity, and the Injury of a Man's Fortune being wasted, under the Pretence of Justice, are excellently aggravated in the following Speech of *Pierre* to *Jaffeir*.

*I pass'd this very Moment by Thy Doors,
And found them guarded by a Troop of Villains;
The Sons of Public Rapine were Destroying.
They told me, by the Sentence of the Law,
They had Commission to seize all thy Fortune.
Here, stood a Russian with a horrid Face,
Lording it o'er a Pile of massy Plate,*

Tumbled

Tumbled into a Heap for Public Sale.

There, was Another making Villanous Fests

At thy Undoing : He had ta'en Possession

Of all thy ancient most Domestic Ornaments ;

Rich Hangings intermix'd and wrought with Gold ;

The very Bed, which on thy Wedding-Night

Received Thee to the Arms of Belvidera !

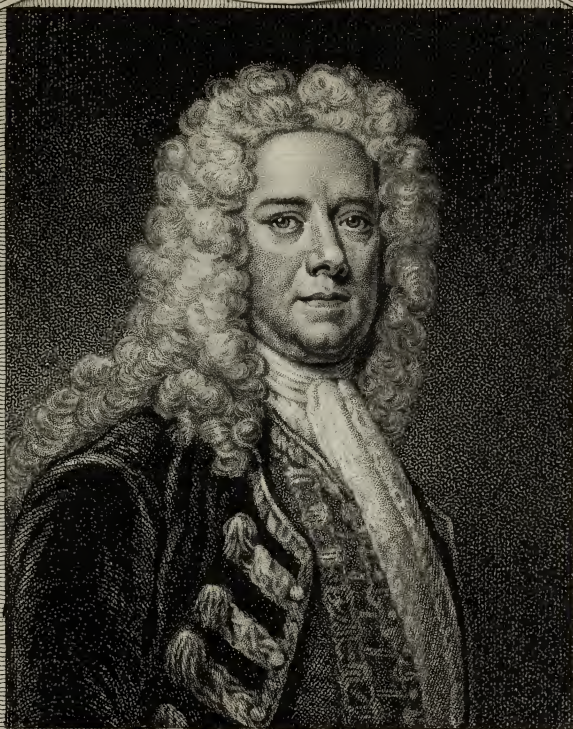
The Scene of all thy Joys, was violated

By the coarse Hands of filthy Dungeon Villains,

And thrown amongst the common Lumber.

I shall put an End to this just Complaint by acquainting the Reader, that the Lord Chancellor *Macclesfield* was pleased to make a *Decree* in favour of Capt. *Shrimpton*.

We are now come to the last Original Part of Mrs. OLDFIELD. *James Thomson*, an ingenious Scots Gentleman (Author of *The SEASONS*) in the *Preface* to his Tragedy of SOPHONISBA, thus delivers himself, “ I cannot conclude without owning my Obligations to those concerned in the *Representation*. They have indeed done me more than Justice. Whatever was designed as amiable and engaging in MASINISSA shines out in Mr. WILKS’s Action. Mrs. OLDFIELD in the Character of SOPHONISBA, has excelled what, even in the Fondness of an Author, I could either wish or imagine. The Grace, Dignity,



ROBT WILKS ESQ



“ nity, and happy Variety of her Action have
“ been universally applauded, and are truly
“ admirable.”

SOPHONISBA was the *last* Original Character in which she appeared on the Stage; But, the *last* time of her Performance was on *Tuesday* the 28th Day of *April*, 1730, when Sir *John Vanbrugh*'s excellent Comedy, *The Provok'd Wife* was acted for the Benefit of Mr. *Charke*, wherein she acted the Part of *Lady Brute*.

I have been assured by some of Mrs. OLDFIELD's most intimate Female-Friends, that she had for some Years languished under a very declining State of Health, tho' not from any Cause which Malice may suggest. The natural Cheerfulness of her Temper made her ward off every Attack with the greatest Alacrity. Yet, many times, when she has been playing a Part, and received the universal Applause of an Audience, the Tears have fallen from her Cheeks with the Anguish of Pain she felt, such was her Willingness to oblige in her Profession.

Upon the very Approach of her last Illness, she most earnestly requested her Physicians not to flatter her, but to give her their Opinions freely, *what they thought of her Case*. And when they told her, *they feared the Fatality of it*; she replied, without the least Shock, or Emotion, She *acquiesced in the Lot Providence had assigned her*; and
X *hoped*

hoped she should bear her Afflictions patiently.

Having this previous Notice of her Change, she *set her House in Order*, and made such an equitable Distribution of her Estate as is in every respect highly commendable.

Her most intimate and dear Friend, Mrs. *Saunders*, attended her almost from the Beginning to the End of her melancholy Six Months Languishment. This Gentlewoman was brought upon the Stage through the Recommendation of Mrs. *OLDFIELD*, and in a most agreeable Manner entertained the Town for some Years, being esteemed, *in her Style of Playing*, one of the most eminent Actresses. The Violence of an Asthmatical Indisposition obliged her to leave the Stage. She retired to *Watford* in *Hertfordshire*, about fifteen Miles from *London*, where she now lives; and from whence, upon my writing to her, she has been pleased to favour me with the following Letter, *viz.*

Watford, Dec. 29, 1730.

TO WILLIAM EGERTON, Esq;

S I R,

I Received yours concerning Mrs. *OLDFIELD*; whose Memory, I hope, will never be forgotten by any that had the Pleasure of being known to her.

The

The Account I can give of her Behaviour, during the Time of her Sickneſs, is but ſhort tho' ſtrictly true.

Her *Funeral* I never heard her once mention, but *Chriſtian Fortitude* ſhe had ſufficient; for tho' ſhe had no *Prieſt*, ſhe did the Office of one to the *Laſt*.

When her *Diſſolution* drew nigh, and the *Lamp of Life* waxed dim; ſhe then expreſſed her ſelf in *broken Words* and *pious Meditations*, in the moſt *moving* and *ſtrongeſt* Manner you can imagine.

It may be juſtly ſaid, ſhe *Prayed without ceaſing*. She was all Goodneſs. The beſt of Daughters, the beſt of Mothers, and the beſt of Friends. O! that I had Words to ſound forth her Praise, but that, *Sir*, is a Task you have taken in hand, and I do not doubt your doing Juſtice to her Memory.

As to my own time on the Stage, to the beſt of my Remembrance, I came into the Houſe in the Year 1702, and my Ill State of Health obliged me to quit it in 1720.

A Copy of Mrs. OLDFIELD'S Picture is at your Service, and I ſhall gladly accept of that excellent Copy you are about to draw of her; it will give vaſt Pleaſure to,

S I R,

Your very humble Servant,

Mrs. OLDFIELD was at length released from her Earthly Bonds, expiring very early on *Friday Morning, October 23. 1730.*

As the Nicety of Dress was her Delight when Living, she was as nicely dressed after her Decease; being by Mrs. *Saunders's* Direction thus laid in her Coffin. She had on, a very fine *Brussels-Lace-Head*; a Holland Shift with Tucker, and double Ruffles of the same Lace; a Pair of New Kid-Gloves, and her Body wrapped up in a Winding Sheet.

On her Coffin, was this Inscription,

ANNE OLDFIELD,
Ætatis 47.

On *Tuesday* the 27th of *October*, the Corps was carried from her House, in *Grosvenor Street*, to the *Jerusalem-Chamber Westminster*, where it lay in State, and about Eleven o' Clock was conveyed to the Abbey: The Pall being supported by the Lord *Delawar*, Lord *Harvey*, the Right Honourable *George Bubb Doddington*; *Charles Hedges*, Esq; *Walter Carey*, Esq; and Capt. *Elliot*.

Her eldest Son *Arthur Maynwaring*, Esq; was Chief Mourner. The Funeral Service was performed by the Reverend Dr. *Barker*, Senior Prebendary, then Resident.

Here

Here I think my self obliged to expose the Insolence of that Weekly Libeller, the *Grub-street-Journalist*.

In his 44th Numb. *Thursday Novemb. 5*, he says, ——— “ *A Place having been allowed the celebrated Mrs. OLDFIELD, in Westminster Abbey ; I hope, that on the fine Monument, which is to be erected to her Memory, the INSCRIPTION will particularly mention the CHRISTIAN, as well as MORAL VIRTUES of that Lady.*” This wretched Sneer can only affect the Writer of it ; and I wish when he comes to die that a Testimony as ample, and sincere, of his *Christian Virtues*, may be produced, as Mrs. *Saunders* has given of Mrs. *Oldfield's* ; and, as for her *Moral Virtues*, her *Last Will and Testament* is a Demonstration of her Justice.

Some Folks, it seems, much more *Scrupulous* than *Conscientious*, would have laid hold on an obsolete *Popish Canon* ; which Ordains, that *no Stage-Players should be buried in Churches*. But I have been assured by Dr. *Barker* himself that he Buried Mrs. OLDFIELD very willingly, and with the greatest Satisfaction.

The Place of her Interment is towards the *West-End* of the *South-Ile*, (near the Monuments of Secretary *Craggs* and Mr. *Congreve*) hard by the *Consistory*, or *Spiritual-Court*.

Taking

Taking Occasion, from these *Three* eminent Persons having never been married, a certain Gentleman, well known at *Westminster*, was very innocently Witty; and threw down these Verses, written with a Pencil, upon Mrs. OLDFIELD'S Grave after the Ceremony was over, *viz.*

*If PENANCE in the Bishop's Court be fear'd,
Congreve and Craggs and Oldfield will be scar'd
To find that at the Resurrection Day,
They've All so near the CONSISTORY lay.*

The following Epitaph is supposed to come from the same Hand.

HIC JACET

(*cito jacet hic*)

OLDFIELD.

The

Brightest Actress

Britain e'er did YIELD.

*In Parts diverting her chief Talent lay,
Wherein a Thousand Charms she did display.
Would ev'ry one in this degenerate Age,
Whilst Acting here a Part on Life's Short Stage,
Like her Exert, pursuing Nature's Laws,
They'd meet at their last Exit like Applause.*

As

As to the *Variety* of Mrs. OLDFIELD'S *Amours*, "such infamous Reports arise, from
" her being more lovely than the rest of *her*
" *Sex*, she was envied by such malicious
" Wretches; but all who knew her will
" confirm this Truth, that, she was never
" guilty of any base or ungenerous Action."

SUCH is the Character I have had communicated to me by a *Gentlewoman* whose Veracity is unquestionable; and whom, I am not ashamed to own, I have with great Satisfaction consulted upon the present Occasion. She thus, farther proceeds,

" Mrs. OLDFIELD, like a prudent and just
" Parent, has equitably divided her Estate
" between her Two Sons, and only Children, MAYNWARING and CHURCHILL;
" For, was I brought on my Oath I would
" swear she had no other; and, as to *Love*
" *Affairs*, I do assure you, I know of none,
" but, with the Fathers of the Gentlemen
" herein mentioned. As to the Cause of
" her Death, it cannot fall within the Bounds
" of Censure; for the Surgeons when she
" was opened, made no other Report, than
" what had been before reported by the Physicians;
" and it was a Malady known by
" every body to be incident to our Sex although we were Vestals. These are all
" the Particulars I can relate either of Mrs.
" OLDFIELD'S Publick or Private Behaviour.
" I have thrown in my Mite towards her
" Vindication, tho' the Occasion for it
" gives

“ gives me a great deal of Uneasiness ; but
 “ they who cannot serve a Friend without a
 “ View of Interest ought to be despised. ”

CONCLUSION.

I Was resolved to see the last Office done to a Woman, whom I had very much admired, and from whose Action I had received more strong Impressions of what is great and noble in human Nature, than from the Arguments of the most solid Philosophers, or the Descriptions of the most charming Poets I had ever read. As the rude and untaught Multitude are no way wrought upon more effectually than by seeing public Punishments and Executions ; so Men of Letters and Education feel their Humanity most forcibly exercised, when they attend the Obsequies of those who had arrived at any Perfection in liberal Accomplishments. Theatrical-Action is to be esteemed as such, except it be objected, that we cannot call that an Art which cannot be attained by Art. Voice, Nature, Motion, and other Gifts, must be very bountifully bestowed by Nature, or Labour and Industry will but push the unhappy Endeavourer, in that Way, the farther off his Wishes.

Such an Actress as MRS. OLDFIELD ought to be recorded with the same Respect as ROSCIUS
 among



Ellis pinx.

H.R. Cook sculp.^t

MISS FENTON,

afterwards

Suchet's of Bolton.

Published by T. W. H. Lowe, October 1825.



among the *Romans*. — That celebrated Player used frequently to say, as *Cicero* reports, — *The Perfection of an Actor is only to become what he is doing*. Young People, who are too unattentive to receive Lectures, are irresistably taken with Performances. Hence is it, that I extremely lament the little Relish the Gentry of this Nation have at present, for the just and noble Representations in some of our Tragedies.

The *Italian* Opera, the *Beggar's* Opera, and other such like Farcical, and gewgau Pantomime Entertainments, which are of late introduced, can leave no Trace behind them that can be of Service beyond the present Moment. To Sing and to Dance, are Accomplishments very few have any thoughts of practising; but to speak Justly and move Gracefully, is what every one thinks they do, or wish they did.

I have hardly a Notion, that any Female Performer of Antiquity could surpass the Action of Mrs. OLDFIELD in any of the Occasions in which she has appeared on our Stage. The wonderful Agony in which she was seen in the *Distrest Mother*; the Mixture of Love that intruded upon her Mind in the Part of *Ismena* * were Performances inimitable, but by her alone!

When I saw her Corps approaching the Abbey, the Gloom of the Church, and the

* See *Phadra* and *Hippolitus*.

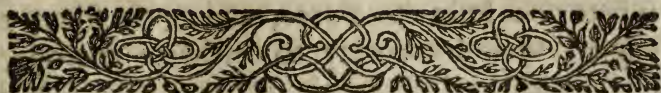
faint Lights before the Proceſſion, contributed to the melancholy Diſpoſition I was in; and I began to be extremely afflicted that *Anthony* and *Cleopatra* ever had any Difference; that *Anna Bullen* and *Jane Shore* were ſo unfortunate; and the Fall of Lady *Jane Gray* ſtruck me to the Heart.

The Occurrence of theſe Incidents, in my Memory, who look upon all human Diſtinctions to be meerly Scenical, raiſed my Sentiments above the Emptineſs of all Sublunary Perfection and Grandeur in general; and I could not but regret, that the Sacred Heads which lie buried in the Neighbourhood of this little Portion of Earth in which my departed Friend is depoſited, are returned to Duſt as well as She, and that there is no Difference in the Grave between the *imaginary* and the *real* Queen. This made me ſay of human Life it ſelf with *Shakespeare*,

*To Morrow, to Morrow, and to Morrow,
Creeps in a ſtealing Pace from Day to Day,
So the laſt Moment of recorded Time!
And all our Yesterdays have lighted Fools
To their eternal Night! Out, out ſhort Candle!
Life's but a walking Shadow, a poor Player
That ſtruts, and frets, his Hour upon the Stage,
And then is heard no more.*

MACBETH.

NÆNIE



Neniae Histrionicae.

A

FUNERAL ORATION

FOR

Mrs. OLDFIELD.

By a P L A Y E R.

*Quis Desiderio sit pudor aut Modus
Tam Chari Capitis.*

H O R. Od. Lib. I.

AT this sad Solemnity with a real Grief and a melancholy Pleasure I assist, for who is it must not grieve for such a Loss? and yet I joy that I am ordained to pay this last, this mourning Duty to her, whose Worth claims all the Orator can say. But what Words, alas! shall express her Merit, what

Terms our Grief? Here Oratory is at a Stand, Rhetorick loses its Force, and both silently confess their Incapacity to celebrate the one, or sufficiently describe the other. The Pomp and Pageantry of Sorrow, the silent Procession, the Sable Hearse, and the mourning Friends give but a faint Idea of the Woe due to her Decease, or the Reverence owing to her Memory. Then let Oratory be silent, Rhetoric be dumb; let the Pomp and Pageantry of Sorrow, the Silent Procession, the Sable Hearse, and the mourning Feinds pass unregarded by, for nothing but her Fame, her loud sounding Fame can speak her, nothing but the Memory of her Excellence can justly inform us of what a Treasure the gaping Grave is about to rob us.

But who shall mourn in more Bitterness of Anguish than the Children of that forlorn Theatre, where once she stood the chief Support and Beauty of the Stage, where she taught Virtue in such persuasive Accents, that the Hearers have been with Immitation fired, and wished they so could Act that so they may Instruct, and so instructing be adored like her. The Stage was at first designed, (and never more strict than now) to eradicate Vice, and inculcate and encourage the Principles of Virtue. The Man of Honour and Religion had his Reward, the Villain the Wages of his Demerit, Lewdness in the Prostitute was punish'd, Chastity in the Matron

Matron applauded, with an Intent to cherish in the Audience a Love of the represented Virtues, and a Detestation of the opposite Vices; and if the Intent of the Stage deserves (as certainly it does) so much Applause, how must they be respected who execute its Design? Greatly, then to the dear departed Admiration be sacred all the Lawrels of the Stage. What harden'd Heart wept not with *Andromache*? What Mother did she not instruct in Maternal Love when *Astyanax's* Danger wrings her Soul? What Woman so lost in a Crowd of Cards, and good Company which the Repentance of my Lady *Townly* could not teach to reform? What Coquet so abandoned to her Folly whom the ridiculous Behaviour of Lady *Betty Modish* could not make detest her Vanity? What Character did she appear in private or publick Life which she could not make Amiable? On the Stage so easy did the Poets Language flow from her, it might well be taken for her own Sentiments; and in private all she spoke, all she did, carry'd that agreeable Air, that every thing sat upon her with the same genteel Neglect, her Cloaths did; unaffected Gay, but politley Neat.

In short, she was the unexampled Product of an Age, and who, as she imitated none in her excellent Performance, so by none can she be imitated; for as far as Nature exceeds Art, so far did she excell all the
Women

Women of her Time ; and so far will her Memory triumph over all that are to come after. She was indeed a Phoenix in her Way, solitarily excellent ; but, alas ! the Quality of the Phoenix attends her not, for from her Ashes no Successor can spring ; for as she was Second to none, *quando ullam inveniemus parem?* so by none can she be Seconded. To conclude, Candid Auditory, as she trod the Theatrical, so do you the Worldly Stage, that when like her you must make your *Exit*, it may be with the Approbation of Heaven and Plaudits of Men.



OPHELIA:



O P H E L I A:

OR, THE

LOVER'S DAY.

TAKEN FROM

The Original *Greek* of MENANDER.



To the R E A D E R.

MENANDER I take to be the Father of this excellent Poetical Fragment. I found it in a very antient Collection of the *Poetae Græci*, immediately after an Epigram of *His*, under this Title, τῆς ΕΚΕΙΝΗΣ. It has in the Original many Beauties by me inimitable, and excels in the two most delightful Fountains of LONGINUS'S *SUBLIME*, viz. Παθὸν καὶ Εἰκῶνες, *Description* and *Passion*. I have stuck as close to the Original as possibly I could, and have made but one Alteration, viz. The Name of the *Grecian* Lady was *THESTYLIS*, which I have changed to *OPHELIA*; not only because it runs smother in our *English* Versification, but for another Reason which I flatter my self will be obvious to every Reader.



M O R N I N G.

I.

From the Windows of the East,
Scarce the grey-ey'd Morning peeps,
All Nature yet seems lull'd to Rest,
And Silence still its Empire keeps.

II.

But now the Early Swallow Sings,
Mattins to the rising Day,
Whilst his * Wayward Road he Wings
Thro' the Liquid azure Way.

III.

The Sun just glimmers o'er the Hills,
Unfelt by the inferiour Lawn ;
Wanly sporting on the Rills,
Faintly gilds the gloury Dawn.

* In the *Greek* it is *νοταίον ωδον*.

IV.

Not yet with Gusts the River Heaves,
 No Winds yet rustle thro' the Trees;
 The Zephyrs rock upon the Leaves,
 And Sleeping breathe a gentle Breeze.

V.

Not yet the Wontlings of the Flocks
 From their Fleecy Mothers rise,
 Or waken in the neighb'ring Rocks
 Slumb'ring Eccho with their Cries.

VI.

All Nature rests, (or seems to rest)
 And dreams it's daily Cares away,
 But I with fell Despair oppress'd
 Outwatch the Night, outrise the Day.

VII.

The Dews in pearly Globules fall
 Down to the Tresses of my Hair,
 O Force of Sympathy! Each Ball
 Seems to imitate a Tear.

VIII.

O Imitation much too faint!
 Weak Resemblance of my Pain!
 What but my wretched Self can paint
 Within my self what I sustain?

IX. Happy

IX.

Happy Mortal ! that Possess
All the Joys I had in View,
Wretch ! How soon may She express
The same Disdain and Slight to you.

X.

Believe her to be ever kind,
Ever Fair, and ever Young,
Believe all Heaven is Confin'd
To her Face and to her Tongue.

XI.

Hear her speak, — believe whole Days
Orpheus strikes the Golden Lyre ;
Believe when you behold her Face
'Tis Heaven, 'tis all you can desire.

XII.

Believe all just, and then resign
Each Care, let ev'ry Grief be strange,
Nought can prove her not Divine
But her strong Desire to Change.

XIII.

May you Love, and may She Change,
May the Change again, and Love ;
Ever restless may she Range,
Ever Like, and ever Rove.

XIV.

Unenjoying, unenjoy'd,
 May She like the common Sun
 Smile on All, but All avoid,
 All avoiding be Undone.

XV.

May each Gazer view with Pain,
 From each Gazer may She fly;
 May every Stripling doat in vain,
 Despairing Love, despairing Dye.



N O O N.



N O O N.

I.

DEck'd in all his Strength of Light,
In the South the Noontide-Sun
Shines, whose Climacteric Light
Tells us half the Day is done.

II.

Half the Day is done! and why
Are not half my Sorrows done?
My Griefs have their Eternity,
Never Ending, still Begun.

III.

The Steed whose Large-distended Veins,
The Meridian's Rays inflame,
Has his Cure, and slacks his Pains
Drench'd in the refreshing Stream.

IV. Happy

IV.

Happy Beast ! whose greatest Pain
 The refreshing Stream can cool,
 Wretched Man ! that seek'st in vain
 Med'cine for thy Love-sick Soul.

V.

The stately Bull, Lord of the Herd,
 Uncurst by constant Passion roves ;
 By ev'ry She is lov'd and fear'd,
 Whilst He but for a Moment loves.

VI.

Prudent Brute ! did He adore,
 Did he languish, pine and sigh,
 Each humble, doating She before
 Wou'd spurn his Flame, and bid him dye.

VII.

The bleating Flock oppress'd by Heat,
 Flies to the Covert of the Grove ;
 But how alas ! shall I abate
 The burning Fever of my Love ?

VIII.

If in the silent verdant Scene
 By Solitude I seek Relief,
 Far from alleviating my Pain,
 It's Objects but augment my Grief.

IX. How

IX.

How oft have I, O murd'rous Thought!
Amidst those Nature-woven Bow'rs
The Spring-born infant Bloomers fought,
And cropt the Aromatic Flow'rs?

X.

How oft stretch'd on the Mossy Bed,
By Nature taught, by Love inspir'd,
Made Garlands for O P H E L I A's Head.
Of Flow'rs O P H E L I A most admir'd?

XI.

In vain the Lilly fought to vie
With her much brighter Face;
The Rose too lost its Scarlet Dye,
When near her Cheek took Place.

XII.

The Violet boasted not its Blue
When seated near her azure Eye;
Her Hair o'ercame the Dazy's Hue,
What! can I lose, and not Dye?

XIII.

Witness you dear, you conscious Grove,
Now Confidant of my Despair,
How oft O P H E L I A own'd her Love,
And say how perjur'd is the Fair.

XIV. Has

XIV.

Has She not in your Hearing said,
 She'd leave the World for THYRSIS fake;
 But O you Grove! O Faithless Maid!
 These Vows were only made to break.

XV.

Ye Purling Brooks, ye Silver Streams,
 Ye once Spectators of my Joy,
 Ye heard us breathe our mutual Flames,
 And yet She's false, and I must dye!

XVI.

When ye have heard OPHELIA's Voice,
 Have ye not slowly crept along,
 Hush'd all your gently-bubbling Noise,
 Lost in Attention to her Song?

XVII.

In smooth Meanders fought Delay,
 And press'd to the harmonious Shore;
 And when by Torrents forc'd away,
 Murmur'd the Sounds you heard before!

XVIII.

But now ye Streams, ye gurgling Floods,
 Swell with my Tears, and waft my Sighs,
 And murmur to the margin'd Woods
 OPHELIA's false, and THYRSIS dyes.

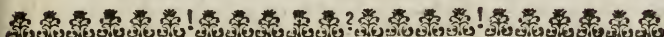
XIX. And

XIX.

And if beneath the Willow Shade
Supine the fair O P H E L I A lies,
Whisper around the trembling Glade
O P H E L I A's False, and T H Y R S I S Dyes.

XX.

But say that with his faultring Tongue,
Expiring T H Y R S I S bid you tell,
He loves her 'Spite of all his Wrong,
A L E X I S ne'er can love so well.



E V E N I N G.

I.

S O f t l y falls the Evening Shower
To refresh the Thirsty Plain,
To call to Life each drooping Flower,
And bid it Bloom and Live again.

* * * * *

Cætera desunt.



A N
H Y M N t o S L E E P.

By the same Greek Author.

I.

Come gentle Deity, around my Head
Diffuse your Slumbers, and your Poppies
shed

About my anxious Bed.

Quickly approach, 'tis time to rest,
Day-light and Sorrow have too long oppress'd
My panting, heaving, throbbing Breast.
Why fly you still? Still must I call in vain?
Still will you thus my Pray'rs despise?

Have not O P H E L I A's Eyes
Enough alarm'd my Soul, enough disturb'd my
Brain?

II. Thanks

II.

Thanks gentle God ;

My Soul is hush'd, my Cares begin to nod

Obedient to thy Rod.

Now *Morpheus* show thy gentle Art ;

With pleasing Fancies calm my Heart,

Bring my OPHELIA to my View,

Make her seem kind as I am true ;

Let ev'ry Grace

Adorn her Face,

Teach her to yield, teach me to sue :

Plant us in some kind rural Bow'r,

Far from uneasy Pomp, far from ungrateful
Pow'r.

And to compleat my Blifs,

Grant me but this mighty This ;

That an eternal Lethargy may o'er my Senses
creep,

That ever she may be my Dream, that ever I may
sleep.





A
COLLECTION
OF
EPILOGUES
SPOKEN BY
Mrs. *OLDFIELD*.

EPILOGUE to the VICTIM. Written
by Mr. *Cibber*. Spoken by Mrs. *OLDFIELD*
as a GHOST.

CRiticks, a Truce: 'Tis true, I just now *Dy'd*;
What then! why now I *walk*, and so you're
satisfi'd.

For Form, I cou'd have Meal'd my Face, and
chose

In Peals of Thunder thro' the Stage to've rose,
But Troth! I'd rather spoil the Jest, than daub
my Cloaths.



COLLEY CIBBER.



A Hole but two Foot wide! Sure Bays must doat!
I'm ribb'd with nine Yards round of Whale-bone
Petticoat,

Beside, my own Way (take my Word's) as good,
I shall please full as well in Flesh and Blood;
Thus having fairly told you my Condition,
I now proceed to tell you my Commission.

Know then, a friendly Shade from Realms below.
To you, that live, I'm sent a *Plenipo*,
To warn both Sexes to reform their Lives,
As Lovers, Husbands, Virgins, or as Wives:
For when I tell your Punishment reserv'd,
You'll rue the Hour that e'er from Truth you
swerv'd.

As for Example ———

We've got a Prude, You've seen that Box adorn,
Who with her Lover's Merit rais'd her Scorn.
And now (to shew to what her Ghost is fated)
She's as nine plump Daughters by the Man she hated.
Coquets, and Beaus innumerable swarm,
But they (dear Souls) do very little Harm.
Living and Dead the same; the happy Elves
Unrivall'd, still love nothing but themselves.
Just as with you, in ten Days after billing,
Bright Goddess proves a Fury; Swain a Villain.
In ev'ry other State we differ far,
'Twere endless to be so particular.
Therefore in gross, 'tis proper you shou'd know,
All Vices are revers'd with us Below.

Young

Young Heirs are Sharpers there ; late Sharpers,
Cullies,

Our Soldiers Stock-jobb, and our Cits are Bullies.
Our Rakes turn Puritans, our Courtiers Quakers,
And Aldermen most furious Cuckold-makers.

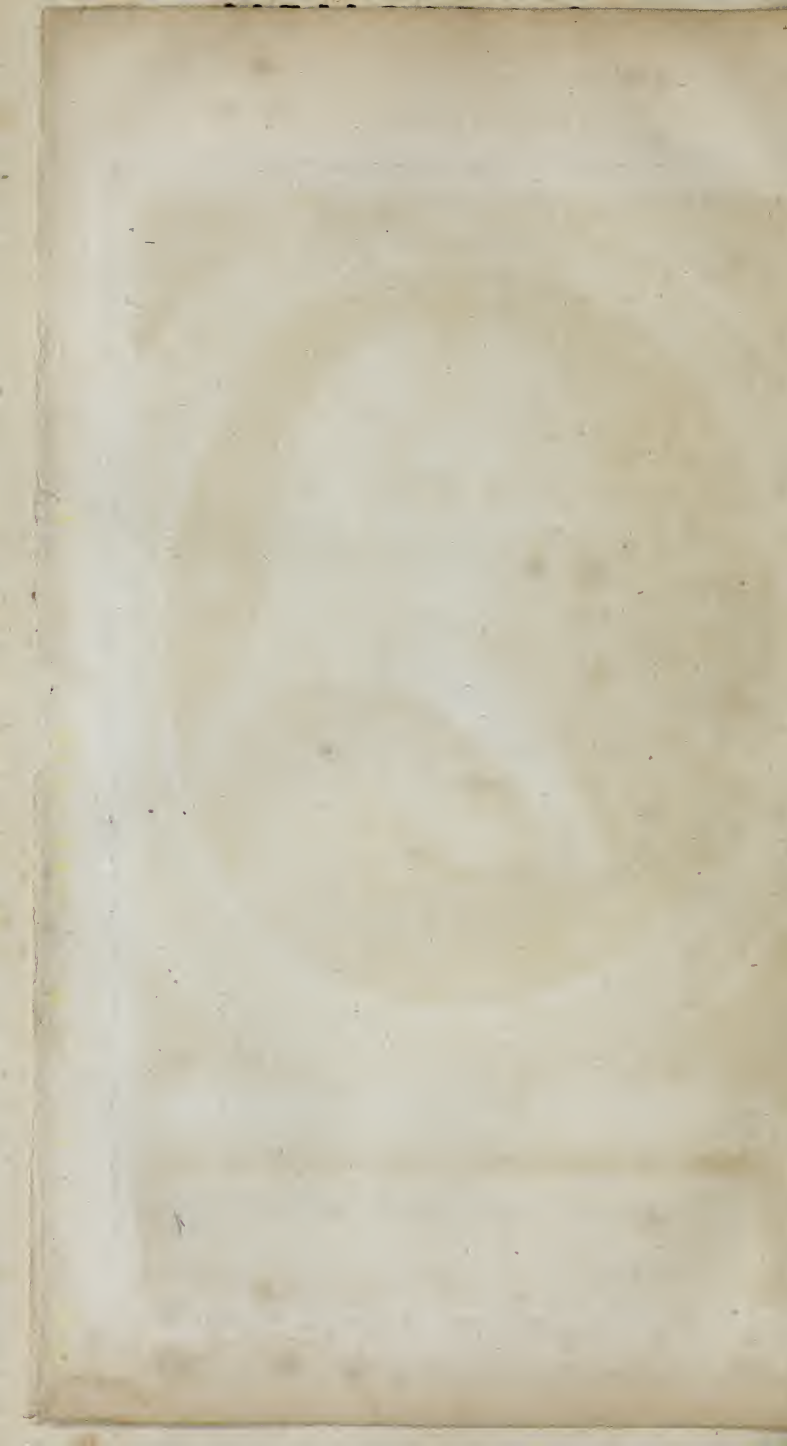
Merit's so sure to thrive in our dark Nation,
And to relieve Distress so much the Fashion,
Ev'n States-Men's Hearts are mov'd by soft }
Compassion. }

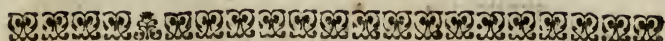
Our Priests are humble, and our Lawyers honest,
Our Great Men — Pay such Debts — you'd be
astonish'd !

Poets you'll own much better pass their Time,
For all our Bills of Cash are drawn in Rhime,
Each Bard's a Banker there, and Fancy coins
Our Standard Bullion in immortal Lines :
But since while here this Passive Author must
His Muse's Value to your Judgment trust ;
If on Poetic Fame too fast he draws,
Pay him at least Subsistence in Applause.









EPILOGUE to *The Cruel Gift*.
Written by Mr. ROWE.

WELL, — 'twas a narrow Scape my Lover
made;
That *Cup* and *Message* — I was fore afraid —
Was that a *Present* for a new made *Widow*,
All in her dismal Dumps, like doleful *DIDO*!
When One peep'd in — and hop'd for something
good,
There was — ah! *Gad!* a nasty *Heart* and *Blood*.
If the old Man had shew'd himself a Father,
His *Bowl* shou'd have inclos'd a *Cordial* rather,
Something to chear me up amidst my Trance,
L' Eau de Barbade — or comfortable *Nants*!
He thought he paid it off with being smart,
And to be witty, cry'd, he'ad sent the *Heart*.
I cou'd have told his Gravity, moreover,
Were I our Sex's Secrets to discover,
'Tis what we never look for in a *Lover*.
Let but the Bridegroom prudently provide
All other Matters fitting for a *Bride*,
So he make good the *Jewels* and the Jointure,
To miss the *Heart*, does seldom disappoint her.

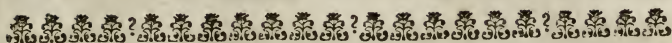
Faith,

Faith, for the Fashion *Hearts* of late are made in, *

They are the vilest *Baubles* we can trade in.
Where are the tough brave *Britons* to be found
With *Hearts* of Oak, so much of Old renown'd?
How many worthy Gentlemen of late,
Swore to be true to *Mother-Church* and *State*;
When their *false Hearts* were secretly maintaining
Yon trim King PEPIN, at *Avignon* reigning?
Shame on the canting Crew of *Soul-Insurers*;
That *Tyburn-Tribe* of Specch-making *Nonjurors*,
Who in new fangled Terms old *Truth's* explaining,
Teach honest *English-Men*, damn'd Double mean-
ing.

O! wou'd you lost Integrity restore,
And boast that *Faith* your plain Fore-Fathers bore;
What surer Pattern can you hope to find
Than that dear *Pledge* your *Monarch* left behind!
See how his Looks his honest Heart explain,
And speak the Blessings of his *Future Reign*!
In his each Feature, Truth and Candour trace,
And read *Plain Dealing* written in his Face.

* This *Epilogue* was spoken the Winter after the *Preston-Rebellion*.



EPILOGUE to BUSIRIS.

By Dr. Young.

THE Race of Criticks, dull judicious Rogues,
To Mournful Plays deny Brisk Epilogues.
Each gentle Swain and tender Nymph, say they,
From a sad Tale, shou'd go in Tears away.
From hence quite Home shou'd Streams of Sor-
row shed,

And drown'd in Grief steal Supperless to Bed.

This Doctrine is so grave, the Sparks won't
bear it,

They love to go in Humour to their Claret.

The Cit who owns a little Fun worth buying,

Holds half a Crown too much to pay for crying.

Besides, who knows without these healing Arts,

But love might turn your Heads, and break your
Hearts;

And the poor Author, by imagin'd Woes,

Might People *Bedlam* with our Belles and Beaus!

Hence I, who lately bid adieu to Pleasure,
Robb'd of my Spouse, and my dear Virgin-
Treasure;

I, whom you saw despairing breath my last,

Am free and easy, as if nought had past.

Again put on my Airs, and play my Fan,

And fear no more that dreadful Creature, Man.

—But whence does this malicious Mirth begin?
I know, you Beasts, ye reckon it no Sin.

'Tis strange that Crimes the same, in different
Plays,

Shou'd move our Horror, and our Laughter raise:
Love's Joy secure the Comic Actor tries,
But if he's wicked in Blank Verse, he dies.

The Farce, where Wives prove frail, still takes
the best,

And the poor Cuckold is a standing Jest:
But our grave Bard, a virtuous Son of Isis,
Counts a bold Stroke in Love, among the Vices.
In Blood and Wounds a guilty Land he dips ye,
And wastes an Empire for One Ravish'd Gypsy.

What musty Morals fill an *Oxford* Head,
To Notions of Pedantic Virtue bred:
There each stiff Don at Gallantry exclaims,
And calls fine Men and Ladies filthy Names.
They tell you Rakes and Jilts corrupt a Nation,
—Such is the Prejudice of Education?

You, who know better Things, will sure approve
These Scenes which shew the boundless Pow'r of
Love.

Let when they will th' *Italian* Things appear,
This Play we trust shall throng an Audience here.
Bold MYRON'S Passion up to Frenzy wrought,
Would ill be warbled thro' an Eunuch's Throat.
His Part, at least, his Part requires a Man,
Let NICOLINI act it if he can.



EPILOGUE to the DRUMMER.

TO Night the Poet's Advocate I stand,
And he deserves the Favour at my hand,
Who in my Equipage their cause debating,
Has plac'd two Lovers, and a third in waiting.
If both the first shou'd from their Duty swerve
There's one behind the Wainscot in reserve.
In his next Play, if I would take this Trouble,
He promis'd me to make the Number double.
In troth 'twas spoke like an obliging Creature,
For tho' 'tis simple——yet it shews good Nature.
My Help thus ask'd, I couldn't chuse but
grant it,

And really I thought the Play wou'd want it.
Void as it is of all the usual Arts,
To warm your Fancies, and to steal your Hearts,
No Court-Intrigue, or City-Cuckoldom,
No Song, no Dance, no Musick—but a Drum—
No smutty Thought in doubtful Phrase exprest,
And Gentlemen, if so, pray where's the Jest?
When we wou'd raise your Mirth, you hardly
know

Whether in Strictness you shou'd laugh or no,
But turn upon the Ladies in the Pit,
And if they redden, you are sure 'tis Wit.

Protect him then, ye Fair Ones: For the Fair
Of all Conditions are his equal Care.

He draws a Widow, who of blameless Carriage
True to her Jointure, hates a Second Marriage.
And to improve a virtuous Wife's Delights,
Out of one Man contrives two Wedding Nights:
Nay, to oblige the Sex in every State,
A Nymph of Five and Forty finds her Mate.

Too long has Marriage in this tasteless Age,
With Ill-bred Raillery supply'd the Stage:
No little Scribbler is of Wit so bare,
But has his Fling at the poor wedded Pair;
Our Author deals not in conceits so stale,
For shou'd th' Example of his Play prevail,
No Man need blush tho' true to Marriage Vows,
Nor be a Jest, tho' he shou'd love his Spouse.
Thus has he done you *British* Comforts Right,
Whose Husbands, shou'd they pry like mine to
Night,

Would never find you in your Conduct Slipping,
Tho' they turn'd Conjurers to take you Tripping.



EPILOGUE to the PROVOK'D
HUSBAND.

MEthinks I hear some powder'd Criticks say
“ Damn it! this Wife-reform'd has
 spoil'd the *Play*!

“ The Coxcomb shou'd have drawn her more
 in fashion,
“ Have gratify'd her softer Inclination,
“ Have tipp'd her a Gallant, and clinch'd the
 Provocation. }

But there our Bard stopt short; for 'twere
 uncivil

To have made a modern *Belle*, all o'er a Devil!
He hop'd, in Honour of the Sex, the Age
Would bear one mended Woman on the Stage.
From whence you see, by common Sense's Rules,
Wives might be govern'd, were not Husbands
 Fools.

Whate'er by Nature, Dames are prone to do,
They seldom stray, but when they govern you.
When the wild Wife perceives her Deary tame,
No wonder then she plays him all the Game.
But Men of Sense meet rarely that Disaster,
Women take Pride, where Merit is their Master.

Nay,

Nay, she that with a weak Man wisely lives,
 Will seem t' obey the due Commands she gives.
 Happy Obedience is no more a Wonder,
 When Men are Men, and keep 'em kindly under.
 But modern Comforts are such high-bred Creatures,
 They think a Husband's Power degrades their
 Features.

That nothing more proclaims a reigning Beauty,
 Than that she never was reproach'd with Duty;
 And that the greatest Blessing Heav'n e'er sent
 Is in a Spouse incurious and content.

To give such Dames a different cast of Thought,
 By calling home the Mind these Scenes were
 wrought.

If with a Hand too rude the Task is done,
 We hope the Scheme by Lady GRACE laid down, }
 Will all such Freedom with the Sex attone, }
 That Virtue there unsoil'd by modish Art,
 Throws out Attraction for a *Manly's* Heart.

You, you then, Ladies, whose unquestion'd
 Lives

Give you the foremost Fame of happy Wives,
 Protect, for its Attempt, this helpless Play;
 Nor leave it to the vulgar Taste, a Prey:
 Appear the frequent Champions of its Cause,
 Direct the Croud, and give your selves Applause.



EPILOGUE to *Double Falshood.*
By SHAKESPEARE.

WELL, Heaven defend us from these ancient
Plays,

These Moral Bards of good Queen *Bess's* Days!
They write from Virtue's Laws, and think no
further;

But draw a Rape as dreadful as a Murther.

You modern Wits, more deeply vers'd in
Nature,

Can tip the Wink, to tell us, you know better;
As who should say—" 'Tis no such killing
Matter. ———

" We've heard old Stories told, and yet ne'er
wonder'd,

" Of many a Prude, that has endur'd a Hundred:

" And *VIOLANTE* grieves, or we're mistaken—,

" Not, because ravish'd; but because—forsaken—

Had this been written to the Modern Stage,
Her Manners had been copy'd from the Age.

Then, tho' she had been once a little wrong,
She still had had the Grace to've held her Tongue;
And after all, with down-cast Looks been led
Like any Virgin to the Bridal Bed.

There

There, if the good Man question'd her Mis-doing,
She'd stop him short — “ Pray who made you
so knowing ?

“ What, doubt my Virtue ! — What's your base
Intention ?

“ Sir, that's a Point above your Comprehension.
Well, Heav'n be prais'd, the Virtue of our Times
Secures us from our *Gothick* Grandfires Crimes.
Rapes, Magick, new Opinions, which before
Have fill'd our Chronicles, are now no more :
And this Reforming Age may justly boast,
That dreadful Sin Polygamy is lost.
So far from multiplying Wives, 'tis known
Our Husbands find, they've Work enough with
one.

Then, as for Rapes, those dangerous Days are
past ;

Our dapper Sparks are seldom in such haste.

In SHAKESPEARE'S Age the *English* Youth inspir'd ;
Lov'd, as they fought, by him and Beauty fir'd.

'Tis yours to crown the Bard, whose Magick
Strain

Cou'd charm the Heroes of that glorious Reign,
Which humbled to the Dust the Pride of *Spain*.



EPILOGUE to TIMOLEON.

Well, Sirs; whoe'er may take our Author's
Part,

For Me—I own I hate him at my Heart.

What! shock the Ladies with his odious Rapes,
And draw the Virtuous into filthy Scrapes!

To such vile License, now, bold Bards are grown,
That Women scarce can call their Own—their,
Own!

Well, poor CLEONE had a rav'nous Lover,

A piteous Conflict; thank her Stars—'tis over.

Nay, frown not Ladies; make the Case your own,
What cou'd she do? Eh! — What wou'd you
have done?

Not have consented, sure! — Ye Powers for-
bid it,

No, —

As MACBETH says — *you cannot say she did it.*

Yet when from Friends remov'd, all Ears at
Distance,

A strong Gallant, much Love, and no Assistance,

Who cou'd have blam'd the Doctrine then of
NON-RESISTANCE?

Cc

Well,

Well, 'twas a sprightly Age, that fame of
Greece!

'Twere hard if copying thence shou'd fail to
please;

A Ravisher, determin'd, makes a fine Distress.

Your jolly *Greeks* (as old Historians tell us)

Were ever held a Race of charming Fellows.

Their manly Passions knew t' enhance the Joy,

And sav'd Coquets the Pain of being Coy.

Say what we will, that Man's our Darling still,

Who bravely dares to please us—'gainst our Will.

But our tame Breed of Lovers does so dwindle,

Our Sparks with Shape so small, and Legs so
spindle,

Are forc'd to use all Helps to make their Pas-
sions kindle.

Poor callow Youths just sent abroad from weaning,

Are always blund'ring round about the Meaning,

They must have Balls, Assemblées, Masquerade,

To make their lazy Love a long laborious Trade.

Dear modish Ideots to lose Time in Chat,

When Each well knows what T'other wou'd be at.

But hold ———

Methinks this seems all foreign to the Play,

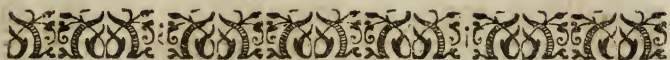
Why, as to that, I've only this to say,

Ladies, to you our Bard resigns his Cause,

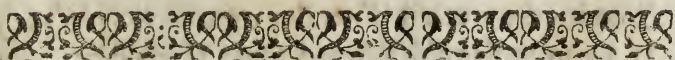
His utmost Glory is your kind Applause,

Do you approve? Then every Night appear,

And view your Likeness in EUNESTIA here.



IN the Year 1713. The late ingenious Dr. *Reynardson*, Addressed a very pretty Poem to Mr. *Addison*, called *The STAGE*, which I think cannot be better, nor more properly, preserved, than in this Place, and therefore I have taken the Liberty to reprint it. The Author acquaints us that it was written the preceding Summer, upon the following Occasion; “The SPECTATOR’S Account of the *Distrest Mother*, had rais’d the Author’s Expectation to so high a Pitch, that he made an Excursion from College, to see that *Tragedy* Acted, and upon his Return, was commanded by the *Dean* to write upon the *Art, Rise, and Progress* of the *English Stage*; which how well he has performed, is submitted to the Judgment of that worthy Gentleman, to whom it is inscribed.





T H E
S T A G E.

S Ince all the Din of War begins to cease,
 And *Britain's* harrafs'd Sons expect a Peace,
 Since now her prudent Senators design
 To change their Laurels for the *Gallic* Vine,
 To view less horrid Scenes of Death prepare,
 The painted Terrors of a Theatre;
 Where *MARS* still rages in the Poet's Lines,
 Where the swoln Flood still reeks in warlike
 Rhimes,
 Where Cannons but in loud Descriptions roar,
 Nor wave in Ecchoes frightful to the Shoar;
 Where the shrill Trumpet's Clangor charms the
 Ear,
 And beauteous Circles without trembling hear
 The loud-mouth'd Thunder of a fancied War. }
 If by an unfeign'd Wound some Hero dies,
 Love shoots the guilty Darts from their too
 killing Eyes.

Nigh

Nigh* where, as when on *Naseby's* fatal Plains,
His brazen Steed the Royal Martyr reins,
A Covent once (if we may credit Fame,
And still the Garden keeps its antient Name)
A Covent once there stood, a Structure made
To shun the World, where now the World is
play'd;
How decently 'twas built, what Sins t' attone,
What Order fill'd the Place, is yet unknown.
Perhaps the Spot where now stands *POWELL'S*
Stage,
Where *PUNCH* chastises Spouse with prompted
Rage,
Was then some Friar's Cell, where all unseen
The pious Father fed his sacred Spleen;
Nor Fiends nor Witches then were known to fly,
Whilst Priests and Holy-Water were so nigh.
No Lovers there in Rhime rehears'd their Moan,
But if a Sigh was heard 'twas Penitence alone.

At length the World broke in, and now the
Play'r
Attracts the Beau, the Critic, and the Fair;
Even in the Place which once the Monk possess'd
(Strange Shift of Scenes) sat † *DOMINICK'S*
the Jest.

Sweet is the Flourish when the Curtain draws,
Sweet is the crouded Theatre's Applause;
Sweet are the Strains when billing Lovers parle,
But rough the Cat-call and the Critick's Snarle.

* Charing-cross.

† *The Spanish Fryar, a Play.*

Rough was the Language, unadorn'd the Stage,
And mean his Hero's Dress in SHAKESPEAR's Age:
No scepter'd Kings in Royal Robes were seen,
Scarce could their Guards defend their tinsel'd
Queen,

Scarce could the House contain the list'ning Shoal,
Scarce had the mimick-Thunder, room to roll;
But then Wives, Subjects, Friends, 'tis sung,
were true,

And Beaus (if such in *England* were) were few.
Rare were their Follies: This the Moderns found,
And prudently, since Sots and Knaves abound,
Since Crimes enlarge, and Fopperies prevail,
Enlarg'd the Stage, which ought to be their Flail.
Now soars the Theatre, a stately Pile,
It self an Emblem of the Tragick Stile,
Firm to its Base, yet lofty to the Sight,
Lofty, yet each way equal to its Height,
Plain as the Shepherd-Nymph in Ruffet Weeds,
Yet graceful as the Actresses it breeds;
Each meanest Object props the main Design,
Art, Nature, Use, and Ornament combine.

Here wreath'd APOLLO with his heav'nly Lyre
Inflames the Muses with Poetick Fire,
Their tuneful Strains the jocund Muses sing,
And tributary Bards their Incense bring;
The God with pleasing Looks, and Crowns of
Bays,

Smiles on their Labours, and rewards their Lays.

Here

Here have I seen (and O the pleasing Sight!)
 Love, Hate, and Fury in their trueſt Light;
 Here, when his Crimes in Publick glar'd I've ſeen
 The bluſhing Letcher curſe the babling Scene,
 Whilſt He whom conſcious Innocence ſecures,
 Unleſs when Virtue wrongs or Scorn endures,
 Smiles unconcern'd, as SOCRATES is ſaid
 To've ſat at *Athens* when the **Clouds* were play'd.
 Sometimes the *Tragick Muſe* Deſtruction breathes,
 And ſtrews th' Embattled Scene with Bloodleſs
 Deaths;

Sometimes a merrier Garb the *Drama* wears,
 And ev'ry Vice and ev'ry Folly ſnears.

His Judgment Great, and Great muſt be his Craft,
 That undertakes to make his Audience laugh;
 'Tis not a nat'ral Ninny muſt be ſhown,
 Expoſe the Coxbomb, not the Simpleton.
 The barb'rous Wretch that toils to ridicule
 An honeſt, harmleſs, unconceited Fool,
 As well, with HAMLET in the Play, might ſlave
 To prove a Villain is an errant Knave.

When SHADWELL gives his § Ideot Clown a Miſs,
 Gorg'd with the nauſeous Aſs true Criticks hiſs,
 Hiſs, and with reaſon bid the ſcrib'ling Niſy
 Go read † QUINTILIAN *de movendo riſu*.

* *The Clouds, a Play in Ariſtophanes, where Socrates is throughout ſatyriſed, at which, when repreſented, He was preſent, and ſhewed not the leaſt Concern.*

§ *Young Hartford in his Lancaſhire Witches.*

† *Stulta reprehendere facillimum eſt, nam ex ſe ſunt ridicula, ſed rem urbanam facit aliqua ex nobis adjectio. Quintilian.*

Nothing can more provoke a righteous Spleen
 Like that of COLLIER, than an impious Scene.
 In *Spain* their martyr'd Saints (a Sight pre-
 post'rous)

Kneel on the Stage, and sing their *Pater Nosters*.
 This Error claims the contrary Extreme,
 Religion is for Plays too great a Theme,
 A Theme that asks a more respected Coat,
 A Tongue that does not only move by Rote.

Let those who dare attempt the Tragic Muse
 Some Standard Author for their Pattern chuse,
 The Man whom Nature reconciles with Art,
 Who knows each Pass, and Folding of the Heart,
 That tyranizes o'er the Soul, is he:

Such SHAKESPEAR was, such ADDISON will be.

Such SHAKESPEAR was indeed; for who can
 guard

His inmost Soul, when SHAKESPEAR plies it hard?
 Can he who has a Child, an only Child,
 As HOTSPUR headstrong, and as FALSTAFF wild,
 See BOLINGBROKE in anguish for his Son,
 See the King's Sorrows, and forget his own?
 And can that Child see LEAR's good old Age
 All dropping wet come frantic on the Stage;
 Or hear that impious Pair his Daughter's play'd,
 Yet not his own Ingratitude upbraid?
 He must, he must, 'tis SHAKESPEAR reprimands,
 What Guilt so bold his pious Pen withstands?

All

All hail, Immortal Bard, thy Muse disarms
Each Vice, and even when a Slattern charms,
Thou can'st celestial Sentiments express,
Or Negromantic Rites in all their Horrors dress.
So the fam'd God of Eloquence (who smil'd
On thy great Birth, and chose thee for his Child)
In either Region's Language did excel,
At once th' Interpreter of Heaven and Hell.

Immortal Bard, all hail! may ev'ry Spring
Around thy Tomb the Nymphs of *Avon* bring;
Around, you grateful Nymphs, around him tread,
Record his Beauties, and bemoan him dead.

All hail, Immortal Bard, Thee Witlings damn,
For Errors scarce enough to prove thee Man:
Errors there are, for who so partial sees
The *Prince of Playwrights* in his *PERICLES*?
But when the Youthful *Dane* * to Rapture swells
At the sad Tale his poison'd Father tells;
When *CÆSAR* triumphs, when his Murd'ers plot,
When *HECATE* deceives the valiant *Scot*;
When Fairies round the Ring, when Spirits fly,
Compell'd by Magic from their native Sky,
I know him then, I know the Muse's Shrine,
'Tis He himself, 'tis *SHAKESPEAR*, 'tis Divine.

None may attempt the next great Poet's Fame,
Whilst *DENHAM*'s Numbers blazon *JOHNSON*'s
Name;

'Twas he first methodiz'd the Muse's Rage,
To him we owe Correctness on the Stage;

* *Hamlet*.

By tracing JOHNSON's *Humorists* * and *Lays*,
Even blund'ring SHADWELL now and then can
please.

APOLLO thus to bend his Bow, 'tis said
Upon a senseless Stone his Lyre he laid ;
Th' infectious Harmony the Marble caught,
His Instrument a new one strait begot ;
The Stone when struck on, imitating still,
In feeble Sounds the Master Godhead's Skill.

SHADWELL perhaps may coast along the Shore,
But fears the dangerous Ocean to explore.
JOHNSON alone with Wit and Judgment braves
The rising Storm, and quells the raging Waves ;
Here distant twinkling Beauties rarely meet,
There's a bright Galaxy of dazzling Wit.

But like the Graces moving hand in hand
FLETCHER and BEAUMONT next the Crown
command,

The first too far presuming on his Wit,
His lavish Lays luxuriantly writ ;
Whilst BEAUMONT modell'd every darling
Thought,

And interpos'd his beautifying Blot ;
Taught him to manage the *Pierian* Steed,
Or curb him close, or urge his utmost Speed.

MINERVA thus to rout the *Thracian* God,
In the same Chariot with TYTIDES rode,

* Every Man IN, and OUT, of his Humour.

She wields the Whip, his forward Courage chides,
His fiery self and fiery Coursers guides,
Now checks their haste, now thunders o'er the
Plain,

The Heroe darts the Spear, the Goddess rules the
Rein.

FLETCHER when fir'd with a poetic Heat,
Was ever rambling after Rant and Wit,
'Twas then his Friend all fortify'd with Rules,
Show'd him the Scene could tickle none but Fools.
Convinc'd, amaz'd, the guilty Poet stood,
And blush'd himself should ever think it good.

So BACCHUS, when he drove his conqu'ring Car
O'er Sun-burnt Climes, and urg'd the *Indian* War,
Soon as the gen'rous Grape had reach'd his Head,
His Troops to many a rash Adventure led;
SILENUS saw the Fault, by his Advice
The God allay'd his Rage, and cool'd his Cup
with Ice.

Long felt the Drama an inglorious Dearth,
Nor wept the Tragic Muse, nor smil'd the Co-
mic Mirth.

At length his Lyre harmonious DRYDEN strung,
Excell'd in Both, and Both alternate fung.

At first indeed he made his Heroes rant,
Or quibled Folly in his *Wild Gallant*:

But, as in Music when the Artist long
Has try'd each Note, and dwelt upon the Song,
The Strings become familiar to his Hand,
Around his Lute the Graces take their Stand;

He rises in his Skill, the Croud controuls,
And robs his ravish'd Audience of their Souls.

Our Author so, when perfect in his Art,
Alarm'd the brave and seiz'd the Fair one's Heart.

So Nature's Workmanship, in Paint display'd,
By mellowing time more beautiful is made.

So Nature's self, whom he so well could paint,
Acts as at first she suffer'd some Restraint:

The tender Babe of less than Pigmy size,

Wrapt up and jellying in the Cradle lies,

By just Degrees his little Limbs dilate,

By just Degrees improves his growing State,

At length he stretches to his utmost Span,

And looks, and stalks, that lordly Creature, Man.

But what so potent Charm, what Chain so
strong,

Can curb or silence the malicious Tongue,

Superior Merit on the Laureat drew,

A BLACKMORE, MILBOURN, and a MONTAGUE,

Angred at last he threw his Pencil down,

Nor strove again to please a thankless Town.

Wrapt in the Prophet's Robe arose his Friend,

CONGREVE alone, the Heroe's Bow could bend,

CONGREVE his second-self, his CONGREVE rose,

And soars like DRYDEN, and like DRYDEN flows.

Thus did ACHILLES from the Dusty Plain

Laden with Bays and Injuries abstain;

But when PATROCLUS to the Battle went

His Golden Panoply the Heroe lent;

And

And him so well the mighty Arms became,
So like ACHILLES all his graceful Frame,
Both Hosts aghast the raging War suspend,
And none but PHOEBUS knows him from his Friend.

Thy Comic Muse, and trust me, CONGREVE, I
With greater Truth than * *Forefight* Prophecy,
Far as thy BEN can fail, or Waters flow,
Receiv'd with Praise thy Comic Muse shall go;
Bless her, ye Lovers, for from her the Fair
Have learnt to prize the Constant in Despair,
No more your Sighs, no more your Tears are
scorn'd,
But *Love for Love* shall ever be return'd.

Some know the Sock and some the Buskin's Pace,
But CONGREVE treads in both with equal Grace;
When dress'd in widdow'd Weeds his Muse ap-
pears,

Who can refuse the *Mourning Bride* his Tears?

So when ADONIS dy'd, her Grief became
Well as her former Mirth, the Laughter-loving
Dame.

Long would the Labour be, and vain the Toil
To sing the Master-strokes of OTWAY'S Stile,
Even the most Loyal must PIERRE commend,
Nor can his *Orphan* ever want a Friend.

Read ETH'REGE, you that would appear
genteel,

The Friend, the Father, and the Mistress, STEELE:

* *An illiterate Old Fellow, pretending to understand Astrology.*
See, Love for Love.

How soft the Scene where CIBBER paints the Beau!
 How manly WYCHERLEY! how moving ROWE!
 The Lays how strong, how passionate the Page!
 When GRANVILLE's *Agamemnon* mounts the Stage!
 How loud the Din when his Magicians fight!
 When good * *Urganda* battles for her Knight,
 Spirits of Air with *Dæmons* dire engage,
 Loud Thunder bursts in Volleys, Light'nings rage,
 Shoots the blue ghastly Gleam across the dark-
 ned Stage.

And thou, O ADDISON, no more detain
 The Free-born † CATO, struggling in his Chain;
 'Tis Liberty he loves, disclose thy vast Design,
 And let us see that every Muse is thine.
 And now the *Iffs* proudly rears her Head,
 See o'er her flow'ry Lawns the Goddess tread,
 Thee, *Heliconian* Deity, I know,
 Accept the Verse thy Streams have taught to flow.
 But hark! she claims aloud the Laurel Wreath,
 To bind the Temples of her darling SMITH,
 Alas! to bind his Temples, he's no more,
 But wanders silent on the Stygian Shore;
 Long since the promis'd Bard in all his Pride,
 In blooming Beauty, like his PHÆDRA dy'd.
 O were the Youth, the Youth so long deplor'd,
 Like his HIPPOLITUS to Life restor'd,

* His *Enchanted* Enchanters.

† A Tragedy written by Mr. Addison, it had not then been acted.

Myriads of Heroes should with him revive,
And in his labour'd Lays triumphant live.
But hold! To sing such wondrous Poet's Praise
requires

A Genius great as ADDISON's or theirs,
Do thou, my Muse, describe the bright Abodes,
Of Wits, of Cits, of Criticks, Beaus, and Bawds,
Of Venal Emperors, and earthling Gods.
Low lays the Tribe, commanded by the Box,
That damn a Play, or sign it Orthodox,
The Pit they fill, the Pit where Punks patrol,
These look a luring Leer, and those a gloomy
Scul;

Footman and Prentice bawl in upper Air,
Bright in the Middle sits enthron'd the Fair.
But neither Footman's Ideot Laugh can please,
Nor wounds the fiercer Critick's envious Hiss;
Deign but, you Circles of the Fair, to smile,
Well is the Poet paid for all his labour'd Stile.

Now turn, and see where loaden with her
Freight,

A Damsel stands, an Orange-wench She's hight;
See! how her Charge hangs dangling by the Rim,
See! how the Balls blush o'er the Basket-brim;
But little those she minds, the cunning *Belle*
Has other Fish to fry, and other Fruit to sell:
See! how she whispers yonder youthful Peer,
See! how he smiles, and lends a greedy Ear.

At

At length 'tis done, the Note o'er Orange wrapt
 Has reach'd the Box, and lyes in Lady's Lap;
 Such ATALANTA was, such golden Fruit
 Gain'd the fair Murd'ress in the hot Pursuit.

Poor pretty Prostitute, thou kind Relief
 To longing Lady, and to Gallant's Grief;
 May that soft Hand which both the Boxes know,
 Plump as thy Orange in their Service grow,
 Still vend thy Fruit, still give the Billet right,
 So may both Colours in thy Cheeks unite,
 The Fruit's Vermillion, and the Billet's white.

But hark, a Fight! by some brisk Spark indited,
 It is decreed the Ladies must be frighted.

I hear the Soldiers and the Clarions roar,
 And see the Battle enters at the Door,
 Some two distinguish'd Chiefs decide the Cause,
 Who like true Heroes bleed to gain Applause.

Porters in red with brandish'd *Whinyard* vie,
 Fight as good Friends, and for their Living die;
 Here some the *Sabre's* blunted Terrors weild,

There *Javelins* splinter on the Sun-bright Shield,
 Their Foils clash horrible, their Faulchions Jar,
 A harmless Hubbub, and a pointless War;

Each Chief submits to what his Roll decrees,
 Or conquers bravely, or as bravely dies.

Mean while, with Throats expansive, Visage
 grum,

Legions of Stentors trumpet, shout and drum,
 Sound an Alarm, retreat, rout, rally, overcome,

So

So have I seen, when Custard was the Prize,
Whole Troops of Trencher-men, and Trainbands
rise,

Like more than Men with formidable Pride,
Charge to the promis'd Dinner up *Cheapside*,
Present their Pieces, Pop, Huzza around,
And shake themselves, and shake the smoaking
Ground.

Say whence their Armour, whence the Cask
enchas'd,

With beamy Gems, the Cuirass richly lac'd,
The waving Plumage, and the burnish'd Crest?

Say whence the Coat of Mail, the temper'd
Spear,

Say whence the Heroe's Helm, the King's Tyar,

And whence in goary Robes assassin'd Spectres
glare?

High o'er the Stage there lies a rambling
Frame,

Which Men a Garret vile, but Play'rs the Tire-
Room name;

Here all their Stores (a merry Medley) sleep,
Without Distinction hudled in a Heap.

Hung on the self same Peg, in Union rest
Young TARQUIN's Trowsers, and LUCRETIA's
Vest,

Whilst without pulling Coifs ROXANA lays
Close by STATYRA's Petticoat her Stays;
Hard by a Quart of bottled Light'ning lies,
A Bowl of double Use, and monstrous Size;

Now rolls it high, and rumbles in its Speed,
 Now drowns the weaker Crack of Mustard-seed;
 So the true Thunder all array'd in Smoak,
 Launch'd from the Skies now rives the knotted
 Oak,

And sometimes nought the Drunkard's Pray'rs
 avail,

And sometimes condescends to sower Ale.

Near these sets up a Dragon-drawn Calash,

There a Ghost's Doublet delicately flash'd,

Bleeds from the mangled Breast, and gapes a }
 frightful Gash,

In Crimson wrought the sanguine Floods abound,

And seem to gutter from the streaming Wound.

Here IRIS bends her various painted Arch,

There artificial Clouds in sullen Order march,

Here stands a Crown upon a Rack, and there

A WITCH's Broomstick by great HECTOR's Spear;

Here stands a Throne, and there the CYNICK's
 Tub,

Here BULLOCK's Cudgel, there ALCIDES' Club.

Beads, Plumes, and Spangles, in Confusion rise,

Whilst Rocks of Cornish Diamonds reach the Skies.

Crests, Corslets, all the Pomp of Battle join,

In one Effulgence, one promiscuous shine.

Hence all the Drama's Decorations rise,

Hence Gods descend Majestic from the Skies,

Hence Playhouse Chiefs to grace some antique Tale,

Buckle their coward Limbs, in warlike Mail.

With

With what an Air from this their Magazine
Equipt, old BETTERTON adorn'd the Scene?
Old BETTERTON, on whose Seraphick Tongue,
Mirth, Majesty, and fluent Satire hung;
He by Religion a Tragedian made,
Play'd virtuous Parts, and liv'd the Parts he play'd;
He flourish'd long, and long delib'rate Fate,
Spar'd him in Pity to the Tragic State.
At length he fell, decay'd the Stages Pride,
The Laureat sicken'd, and the Poet dy'd;
For if the first a Piece consummate drew,
From him each graceful Stroke receiv'd its due.
Nor could the last so bad a Scene indite,
But his judicious Action set it right;
Still at the worst or best of Plays, the Town
With Pleasure listen'd to their BETTERTON.

So in the Senate, be it to declare,
A well concerted Peace, or dreadful War;
The same Delight and Satisfaction's shown
By ANNA's Peers, when ANNA mounts the
Throne.

With other Looks, yet scarce inferior Grace,
NOKES trod the Stage, and shambled in his pace,
Pleasant Buffoon! to what an artful Screw
His wither'd Chaps the merry Whoreson drew,
What Pencil can describe his grotesque Mein,
The Cuckold's sneaking Leer, the Non-Con Grin,
The Wire-hung Limbs, sunk Eyes, and pecked
Chin.

Thus furnish'd, thus deform'd, thus bent with Age,
 With feeble Steps he limp'd across the Stage,
 There drawling Nonsense from his haggard Jaws,
 Dispell'd the Spleen which BETTERTON had caus'd.
 In HOMER thus the Slave and Hero charms,
 THERSITES pleases, but ACHILLES warms.

Still may you live, Immortal Actors, crown'd,
 Still may your Praise from Pole to Pole resound,
 For still you live, in Dust the Vulgar lie,
 But never must Theatric Heroes die;
 Secure of Fame the Stroke of Fate they brave,
 As if by often acting Death, they'd learn'd to
 mock the Grave.

Whilst SHAKESPEAR'S, DRYDEN'S, ROWE'S and
 OTWAY'S Name,

Are sung, and flourish in the Book of Fame;
 BARREY and BRACEGIRDLE shall share their Praise,
 And live for ever in the Poets Lays.

Here would I fix, here now my Fancy raise,
 And ransack WALLER to compleat their Praise;
 POWELL forbids, and with a haughty Tone
 Frowning, demands to have his Merits known,
 And great they are, and worthy to be sung,
 But O! still dwelling on their Owner's Tongue;
 Big as the Voice of War he mouths his Roll,
 Each Accent twangs majestically full.

When ALEXANDER dies, he gives the Fair,
 Tortures as great as those he seems to bear;

When

When OEDIPUS rends forth his Eyes with Tears,
Each sorrowing Beauty almost puts out hers ;
When by HERMIONE's Disdain undone,
Distraction seizes AGAMEMNON's Son ;
With artful rattling Wheeze, he draws his Breath,
Seems in the very Agonies of Death ;
He foams, he stares, he storms a madding Note,
And all the Fury thunders in his Throat.

A Godlike Air, Quick Eye, and Accent smooth,
With all the Manly Graces shine in BOOTH.

Bless'd with an awful Port and lordly Mein,
The pleas'd Spectator dreads a King in KEENE.

Not so in airy WILKS, with chearful Grace,
The careless Rake sits sparkling in his Face.
Others there are, whose Voice and Gesture claim
In pompous Verse a never-dying Fame.

Others there are, but how should we describe
The various Beauties of the distant Tribe ;

We hop'd alas! we hop'd a nearer View, *

And farther, farther still our Wishes flew ;

But ah! those Hopes are o'er, and Grieve to say
Superior Gravity has gain'd the Day.

Yet tax not us, Tragedians, tax not those
Who never can be real Merit's Foes ;

We grudge you neither Refuge nor Applause,

'Tis you your selves forbid, your selves your Ab-
sence cause.

* The Players last Summer were expected to play at Oxford, but were order'd away.

The fatal Cause is fatal Excellence,

'Tis your own SANTLOW banishes you hence,
For should she with her, all her Beauties bring,
Nothing but her each youthful Tongue would
sing,

Learning less fair would shine, and every Muse
For brighter Beauties scorn'd her Lover lose ;

Should OLDFIELD then, the bright-ey'd OLD-
FIELD join,

Her complicated Charms, her Form divine ;
Should she, like Hector's Widow, as of late,
Mourn her * ASTYANAX's double Fate,
All, all would love her like ACHILLES' Son,
All would like him be ta'en, all like him undone.
'Tis said young † AMMON, when return'd from
War,

Was with an Eunuch's Action ta'en so far,
That Spight of Royalty he leap'd for Joy,
Leap'd from his Throne, and kiss'd the servile
Boy.

O ! could he but have seen upon the Stage,
OLDFIELD in the forsaken LOVEIT rage ;
Struck with the Sight, the Son of *Lybian* JOVE,
From Admiration soon had rose to Love ;
A warmer Kiss had giv'n the nuptial Sign,
And all STATYRA's Conqueror been thine.

* Her Part in the Distress'd Mother.

† Plutarch in the Life of Alexander.

And yet with all their Beauties, all their Care,
Nor SANTLOW, WILKS, nor OLDFIELD please
the Fair.

Bless'd with their Praise, *Italian* Songsters thrive,
A Beaver-Race that geld themselves to live.
Strange Force of Whimsy! that the Fair should
prize

A warbling Vagabond whom all despise.
Even to themselves of old an Eunuch seem'd,
Worse than a Beast, tho' now so much esteem'd;
So Frogs by *Frenchmen* are as Dainties stew'd,
And what was *Egypt's* Plague is *France's* Food.

How odd the Fancy, how absurd the Sight!
To see That HERCULES,* who in one Night
Full fifty Dames in heat of Blood contented,
Now by a sapless Gelding represented;
With greater Justice from the *Lydian* Queen,
Since dwindled from a Man he learn'd to spin.

For loftier Lays, and nobler Chiefs than these,
Th' ingenious † Builder rais'd his Edifice;
The Architect, whose every Work proclaims
The TERENCE and VITRUVIUS of his Times;
The Builder—but a nobler Structure's Praise,
A nobler *Architect* commands my Lays,
A *Princess*, who by righteous Arms abroad,
At home by fifty Temples rais'd to God,
At once the *French* and *Stygian* Tyrant braves,
At once the Christian and the Subject saves.

* *A New Opera so call'd.*

† *Vanbrugh Builder of the Hay-market Playhouse.*

IULUS' Niggard Son to raise his *Troy*,
 The Gods and great *ALCIDES* did employ;
 That done, ungrateful grew, nor would defray
 His Hero and the hireling Pow'rs their Pay;
 But our more pious Princess, who no less
 From *Heaven* and *MARLBRO'* has deriv'd Success,
 By giving *Bleinheim* and these Piles, has given
 Their just Rewards t' her *HERCULES* and Heaven.

N. B. Since the Writing of this Poem, the
 Public have been deprived of these Five ce-
 lebrated Players, viz. Mr. *Betterton*, Mr.
Powell, Mr. *Kecne*, Mrs. *Barry*, and Mrs.
Oldfield; all of the Theatre Royal.



The following LIST of what PLAYS Mrs. OLDFIELD Acted in, from her first coming on the Stage, and the Principal Parts she Acted, was communicated to me by Mr. PERVIL, Property-Man, of the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane.

N. B. This Mark † denotes the Principal Parts,

TRAGEDIES.

ALL for Love. (*Cleopatra.*)
 ANNA BULLEN. †
 AURENCE ZEBE (*Indamora.*)
 BUSIRIS. (*Mandane.*)
 CATO (*Marcia.*)
 CÆSAR in *Ægypt.* (*Cleopatra.*)
 Cruel Gift. (*Leonora.*)
 Distrest Mother. (*Andromache.*) †
 Earl of *Essex.* (Countess of *Rutland.*)
 Fair Penitent. †
 Generous Conquerour.
 Heroick Daughter. †
Humfrey Duke of *Gloucester* (the *Queen.*)
 JANE SHORE. †
 JANE GRAY. †
 Indian Emperor. (*Cydaria.*)

Island Princess.

Maiden Queen. (*Candiope.*)

MARY Queen of Scots. †

MITHRIDATES. (*Semandra.*)

OROONOKO. (*Imoinda.*)

PEROLLA and IZADORA. †

PHÆDRA and HIPPOLITUS. (*Ismena.*)

Royal Convert.

Siege of *Damascus.*

SOPHONISBA. †

Spartan Dame.

TAMERLANE. (*Arpasia.*)

TIMOLEON. In this Play the only spoke
the *Epilogue.*

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. †

Victim. (*Eriphile.*)

Virgin Prophetess. (*Helen.*)

COMEDIES.

Amorous Widow. (*Mrs. Brittle.*)

Artifice.

A Woman keeps a Secret.

Basset Table.

Careless Husband. (*Lady Betty Modish.*)

Chances, (*Constantia.*)

Comical Lovers.

Committee. (*Ruth.*)

Conscious Lovers. † (*Indiana.*)

Sir Courtly Nice.



H. R. Cook, Sculp^t

M^{RS} BEHN.

Published August, 1735, by J. WELSH.

Drummer. †
 False Count.
 Funeral. (*Lady Charlot.*)
 Humours of *Oxford*.
 Humourous Lieutenant (*Calia.*)
 Lady's Philosophy.
 Love in a Tub. (*Widow.*)
 Love's last Shift. (*Hilaria.*)
 Love makes a Man (*Angelica.*)
 Love for Love. (*Angelica.*)
 Love at first Sight.
 Love in several Masks.
 Lying Lover. (*Victoria.*)
 Man of Mode. (Mrs. *Loveit.*)
 Modish Citizen.
 Non Juror. (*Maria.*)
 Old Batchelor. (*Latitia.*)
 Pilgrim. (*Alinda*, the Page.)
 Perplex'd Lovers.
 Platonick Lady.
 Provok'd Wife. (*Lady Brute*)
 Provok'd Husband. (*Lady Townly*)
 Recruiting Officer. (*Sylvia*)
 Relapse. (*Berinthia*)
 Rival Fools. (*Lucinda*)
 Rule a Wife and have a Wife. (*Estifania*)
 Scornful Lady. †
 Sick Lady's Cure. (*Lady Dainty*)
 Silent Woman. †
 Spanish Fryar (*Elvira*)

'Squire of *Alsatia*.

Stratagem (Mrs. *Sullen*)

Tender Husband. (*Biddy*)

Three Hours after Marriage.

Trip to the Jubilee (Lady *Lurewell*)

Twin Rivals.

Way of the World (*Melisont*)

Wife's Resentment. (Mrs. *Conquest*)

—— Relief.

Wit without Money (the Widow)



Mrs. OLDFIELD having bequeathed her *Dwelling-House* and *Furniture* to her Son CHURCHILL, and directed her *Executors* to *turn and convert all her Estate and Effects into ready Money with all convenient Speed*, I thought it would not prove unacceptable to my Readers to give them an *Inventory* of some of her nicest *Curiosities*, &c. because it may in a great measure confirm the Delicacy of her *Taste*, and shew her *Judgment* in a few Particulars foreign to her Profession, wherein she was truly a *Non Pareil*.

MEDALS, STATUES, PICTURES, JEWELS, &c.

Fifty Two Silver Medals.

Seventy One Gold Counters.

STATUES.

Two Marble Bustoes.

Her Son *Churchill* in Marble.

The Earl of *Strafford*, a whole Length, finely carved in Ivory, by Mr. *Gibbons*.

A Dog curiously performed in Marble.

The Judgment of *Paris*, a *Basso Relievo*, in Ivory.

A *Venus* in Brass.

Several fine Heads in Agate Onyx, for Seals.

A Parcel of Silver *Roman* Medals.

A Five Guinea Piece of K. GEORGE II. A

Two

Two Guinea One *ditto*, with *Twenty Six* different Pieces of Gold.

Two Gold Snuff-Boxes ; one set with Briliants and Rubies.

PICTURES,

The E. of *Essex*, by *Holbein*.

Bradshaw's Head, By *Cooper*.

A fine History Piece, by *Ricci*.

Several Landscapes and Battle-Pieces.

A Sea Triumph, by an *Italian* Master.

Two *Dutch* Sea Ports, by *Brughill*.

VENUS and ADONIS, by *Luca Jordano*.

A View of *Plymouth*, by *D' Ancres*.

The *Royal Family* of *STUART*, after *Vandyke*.

Anna Bullen's Head.

The *Holy Family*, after *Raphael*.

A fine Flower-Piece.

King *GEORGE I.* by *Kneller*.

A *Madona* with *Angels*, by *Muratti* ; with some other very neat small Paintings in Oil, and *India* Pictures.

Three Gold Watches, two Repeaters, one by *Hubert*, one by *Poy*, and another finely chased.

A Gold Equipage finely chased.

A Gold Smelling Bottle.

Six Gold Stay-Buckles and Tags.

Several very fine Sets of *China*, Japan'd and Gilt, with a large Quantity of the richest Old *China*.

Two

Two very fine Antique Vases.

Fine *India* Chests, Cabinets, &c.

Three Gold Medals of Q. ANNE and their present Majesties.

A Roman *Wolf*, Antique.

A Gold Repeating Watch and Chain, enriched with *Brilliants*, *Rubies*, and *Lapis Lazuli*.

Two fine Pieces of Tapistry, after *Teniers*.

Tables of *Marble*, *Agate*, and *Jasper*.

A curious *French* Repeating Clock by *Delander*.

A fine Riding Equipage embroidered with Silver.

A Set of wrought Dressing Plate.

J E W E L S.

A Necklace with 37 Garnets, and a Diamond in each.

A fine large Pearl Necklace.

A Seed Pearl Necklace.

A large Brilliant Ring.

A Brilliant weighing $11 \frac{1}{2}$ Grains.

A Diamond Necklace, containing 34 Brilliants.

Two Seals set with *Brilliants* and *Lapis Lazuli*.

Five Brilliant Crochets.

A Pair of Brilliant Ear Rings, containing 8 large and 12 small Diamonds.

A Pair of Brilliant Ear-Rings with Emerald Drops.

A Pair

A Pair of Brilliant Ear-Rings with three Drops each.

A Cross with exceeding fine Emeralds, set with small Brilliants.

Five Diamond Crochets.

A Diamond Buckle with Roses.

Another, with 24 Brilliants.

A Locket set with Pearl.

Thirteen Brilliants unset.

A very fine Yellow Brilliant Ring.

A small enamelled Brilliant Ring and Four others.

A Pair of *Ruby* Night-Ear-Rings set in Gold.

A Pair of large Garnet Ear-Rings and Drops.

A Cross and Couland of the same.

An enamelled Picture of the present King of *France*.

Another, of a Nobleman, on Gold.

Besides these Curiosities, she had a pretty Collection of Books, in *French* and *English*; a large Quantity of Plate; Beds and Chairs of Damask, Chints and Needle-Work; Fine Tapestry; Pier and Chimney-Glasses, Sconces, Branches and Lustres; Carpets of the nicest Sorts; in short, the whole Furniture of her House was adjusted in the most elegant and fashionable Manner.



APPENDIX. N^o. I.

A
TRUE COPY
OF THE
Last Will and Testament
OF
Arthur Maynwaring, Esq;

E Regro Curia Prerogat. Cantuar. Extract.



In the Name of God, Amen. I
Arthur Maynwaring, of the Pa-
rish of *St. Martin's* in the Fields,
in the County of *Middlesex*, be-
ing of perfect Mind and sound
Memory (praised be God) do make and de-
clare this my last Will and Testament in Man-
ner following, (that is to say)

A

First

First, I recommend my Soul into the Hands of God, and my Body I commit to the Earth, to be decently buried according to the Discretion of my Executrix herein after-mentioned. And as touching the Distribution of my Temporal Estate, I do Will and Dispose of the same as followeth.

Imprimis, I give and bequeath unto my Sister *Grisel Maynwaring*, One Thousand Pounds of lawful Money of *Great Britain*, to be paid, by my Executrix, within Six Months after my Decease. And all the Rest, Residue and Remainder of my Estate, both Real and Personal, that I shall be possessed of, or any ways entituled unto, at the Time of my Decease, I do give, devise and bequeath the same unto Mrs. *Anne Oldfield*, now living in new *Southampton-street*, in the Parish of *St. Paul's Covent Garden*, and to her Son commonly called *Arthur Maynwaring*, otherwise called *Arthur Oldfield*, to be equally divided between them the said *Anne* and *Arthur*. But, in case the said *Arthur* shall depart this Life before he attains the Age of Twenty One Years, then I do bequeath the Moiety or Share of him the said *Arthur*, to her the said *Anne Oldfield*. And I do hereby nominate and appoint her the said *Anne Oldfield*, to be Executrix of this my last Will and Testament, hereby revoking all former and other Wills by me at any Time heretofore made. In Witness where-
of

of I have hereunto set my Hand and Seal, the Twenty Seventh Day of *September*, in the Eleventh Year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lady *Anne*, by the Grace of God, Queen of *Great Britain, &c.* and in the Year of our Lord 1712.

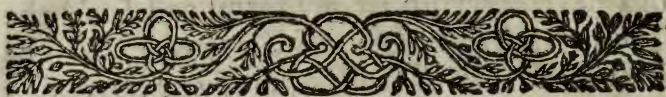
A. Maynzaring.

Signed, Sealed, Delivered, Declared and Published by the said *A. M.* in the Presence of us who have subscribed our Names as Witnesses thereto in his Presence.

Owen Swiny,
Wm. Buckeridge,
Tho. Wood.

PROBatum Londini, &c. coram Venli Viro Henrici Penrice, Legum Dore Surr. Prehonorandi viri Doni Caroli Hedges, Militis Legum etiam Doris. Curie Prærogat. Cantuar. Magri. Custodis sive Commissarii ultime constituti decimo tertio die mensis Decembris, Anno Dni 1712. Furamento Annæ Oldfield Executricis in dicto Testamento nominat. cui Commissa fuit Administratio omnium & singul. bonor. jur. & Cred. dicti defuncti de bene, &c. Furat lata prius sententia Diffinitiva pro valore & validitate dicti Testi prout ex actis Curie liquet.

Linthwaite Farrant, Registrar.
Deputat. Assumpt.

N^o. II.

A
TRUE COPY
 OF THE
Last WILL and TESTAMENT
 OF
Mrs. Anne Oldfield.

E Registro Curia Prærog. Cant. Extract.



In the Name of God, Amen. I
Anne Oldfield, of the Parish of
St. George Hanover Square, in
 the County of *Middlesex*, be-
 ing of sound and disposing Mind
 and Memory, do make and ordain my last
 Will and Testament as follows.

First, I hereby ratify and confirm the Dis-
 position I have made by Deed, by me duly
 executed, of the House in which I now in-
 habit

habit and dwell, in *Grosvenor-street*, in the Parish of *St. George Hanover Square*, in the County of *Middlesex*, for the Benefit of my Son *Charles Churchill*. But, in case my said Son *Charles Churchill* shall depart this Life under the Age of One and Twenty Years, without having any Issue living at his Death, then and in such case I give and devise the said House for all the Residue and Remainder of my Term therein, as shall be then remaining and unexpired, unto my Son *Arthur Maynwaring*, in case he be then living. But if the said *Arthur Maynwaring* be then dead, then to the Honourable Brigadier General *Charles Churchill*.

Item, I hereby will and direct my Executors herein afternamed, to turn and convert all my Estate and Effects that I shall leave behind me at my Death (except my said House in *Grosvenor-street*, and some small Trifles that I may direct to be given away : and except what is already placed out in the Funds, or on other Publick Securities) into ready Money, with all convenient Speed. And that the Money arising from such the Sale of my said Estate, be placed out at Interest, on Government and other good Security, at the Discretion of my said Executors, whom I hereby direct to pay all my just Debts in the first Place ; and after my Debts paid, and the Expences of my Funeral defrayed, I hereby give and bequeath the following Legacies to
which

which I subject my whole Estate, and which I direct my Executors to pay accordingly, (that is to say) I will and direct my Executors to pay the Interest, or Produce, of Five Thousand Pounds to my Son *Arthur Maynwaring*, by half Yearly Payments, the first Payment to commence from the Day of my Death, until he shall attain the Age of Thirty Years, if he shall so long live. And upon his attaining that Age, then I direct, that the Sum of Five Thousand Pounds be paid, out of my Estate to the said *Arthur Maynwaring*, to be at his own Disposal. But in case he shall dye before he attains that Age, then I give and bequeath the said Sum of Five Thousand Pounds to my Son *Charles Churchill*, if he be living at such the Death of the said *Arthur Maynwaring*. But if my said Son *Charles Churchill* be then likewise dead, then, and in such case, I give and bequeath the said Sum of Five Thousand Pounds to the Honourable Brigadier General *Charles Churchill*, his Executors and Administrators.

Item, I give and bequeath to my Mother *Mrs. Anne Oldfield*, the Sum of Ten Guineas in Money, to be paid to her immediately after my Decease. And I also give and bequeath to my said Mother *Mrs. Anne Oldfield*, the Sum of Sixty Pounds *per Annum*, for her Life, to be paid her by my Executors Quarterly, at four equal Payments in the Year; the first

first Payment to be made on the Quarter-Day next following the Day of my Death.

Item, I give and bequeath to my Aunt *Jane Gurlaw*, Ten Guineas in Money, to be paid her immediately after my Decease. And in case my said Aunt *Jane Gurlaw* shall survive my said Mother *Anne Oldfield*, then, and in such case, but not otherwise, I give and bequeath unto my said Aunt, *Jane Gurlaw*, the yearly Sum or Annuity of Thirty Pounds *per Annum*, for her Life; the said Yearly Sum, or Annuity, to be paid to her Quarterly, by Four even Payments in the Year; the first Payment thereof to begin and commence from the Quarter-Day that shall next happen from the Death of my said Mother.

Item, I give and bequeath unto Mrs. *Margaret Saunders*, the Yearly Sum or Annuity of Ten Pounds *per Annum*, to be paid her during her Life, by Four Quarterly Payments; the first Payment thereof to be made on the Quarter-Day next following the Day of my Death.

Item, My Will is, that what shall remain of the clear Yearly Produce of my Estate, after Payment of my said Debts and Legacies, shall from Time to Time be put out at Interest by my Executors, and added to the Bulk of my Estate, by way of Increase thereof. And immediately upon, and from, and after, the Deaths of the said *Anne Oldfield* my Mother, the said *Jane Gurlaw* my Aunt,

Aunt, and the said *Margaret Saunders*, and the Death of the Survivor of them; I Will and Direct that my whole Estate, not hereinbefore by me disposed of, and that shall then remain, be divided into Three equal Parts or Shares, Two Parts, or Shares thereof, to go and be paid to my said Son *Arthur Maynwaring*, and the remaining Third Part or Share thereof to my said Son *Charles Churchill*. But in case my Sons *Arthur Maynwaring* and *Charles Churchill*, Both, or either of them, should be then dead, then the Share or Shares of him or them that is, or are, so dead, to go and be paid to the said Brigadier General *Charles Churchill*, his Executors and Administrators. And I do hereby nominate and appoint the Honourable *John Harvey*, Esq; commonly called Lord *Harvey*, *John Hedges* of *Finchley*, in the County of *Middlesex*, Esq; and the Honourable Brigadier General *Charles Churchill*, and the Survivors and Survivor of them, to be Executors of this my last Will. And I do hereby revoke all former and other Wills by me at any Time heretofore made; and do hereby publish and declare this to be my last Will and Testament. In Witness whereof I have hereunto set my Hand and Seal this Twenty Seventh Day of *June*, in the Fourth Year of King *George* the Second, *Anno Dom.* 1730.

Anne Oldfield.

Signed,

Signed, Sealed, Published and Declared by the said Testatrix, as and for the last Will and Testament of the said Testatrix *Anne Oldfield*, in our Presence who have subscribed our Names as Witnesses thereto, in the Presence of the said Testatrix.

Wm. Elliot,
Amy Cooke,
Francis Hardcastle.

N^o. III.

A CODICIL to my last WILL, bearing Date the 15th Day of Sept. 1730.

I DO hereby give and bequeath to my Aunt *Jane Gurlaw*, the Yearly Sum or Annuity of Ten Pounds, to be paid her during the Life of my Mother *Anne Oldfield*, to commence from the Day of my Death, and to determine upon the Death of my Mother *Anne Oldfield*; when, the said Annuity of Ten Pounds *per Annum* shall revert and go back to my Executors, for the Use and Purposes directed in my Will. And I do hereby in all other Things, ratify and confirm my said last Will. In Witness whereof

B

I have

I have hereunto set my Hand and Seal, this
15th Day of September, 1730.

Anne Oldfield.

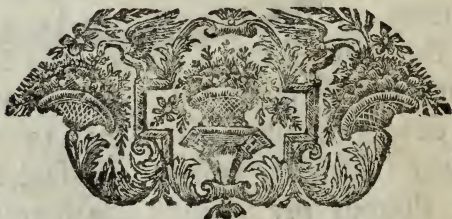
Signed and Sealed in the Presence of us,

Amy Cooke,

Mary Hillsly, her Mark!

PRobatum Londini (*cum Codicille annexo*)
secundo die mensis Novembris, Anno
Dom. 1730. Coram Venli Viro Johanne
Audley, Legum Dre Surr. &c. Furamentis
Hon. Johannis Harvey, Arm. communiter vocat
Domini Harvey, Johannis Hedges, Arm. &
Hon. Caroli Churchill, Arm. Extorum, &c.
quibus, &c. de bene, &c. Furat.

Linthwaite Farrant, Registrat:
Deputat. Assumpt.



N^o. IV.

A N
E P I S T L E
T O

Mrs. *OLDFIELD*;

B Y

Mr. SAVAGE, Son of the late Earl
Rivers. Occasioned by her Playing
CLEOPATRA in *All for Love*.



*W*HILE to your Charms unequal Verse I
raise,
Aw'd, I admire; and tremble as I praise.
Here Art and Genius new Refinement
need,

List'ning, they gaze; and as they gaze recede!
Can Art, or Genius, or their Pow'rs combin'd,
But from corporeal Organs, sketch the Mind?

B 2

When

*When Sound embody'd can with Shape surprize,
The Muse may emulate your Voice and Eyes.*

*Mark rival Arts, Perfection's Point pursue !
Each rivals Each, but to excel in You !
The Buste and Medal bear the meaning Face,
And the proud Statue adds the Posture's Grace !
Imag'd at length, the bury'd Heroine, known,
Still seems to wound, to smile, or frown in Stone !
As Art wou'd Art, or Metal Stone surpass ;
Her Soul strikes, gleaming, thro' Corinthian Brass !
Serene, the Saint in smiling Silver shines,
And Cherubs weep in Gold o'er sainted Shrines !
If long-lost Forms from Raphael's Pencil glow,
Wondrous in Warmth the mimic Colours flow !
Each Look, each Attitude, new Grace displays,
Your Voice and Motion Life and Music raise.*

*Thus Cleopatra in your Charms refines ;
She lives, she speaks, with Force improv'd she shines !
Fair, and more fair, you ev'ry Grace transmit ;
Love, Learning, Beauty, Elegance and Wit.
Cæsar, the World's unrival'd Master, fir'd,
In her Imperial Soul, his own admir'd !
Philippi's Victor wore her winning Chain,
And felt not Empire's Loss in Beauty's Gain.
Cou'd the pale Heroes your bright Influence know,
Or catch the Silver Accents as they flow,
Drawn from dark Rest by your enchanting Strain,
Each Shade were lur'd to Life and Love again.*

*Say, sweet Inspirer ! were each Annal known,
What living Greatness shines there not your own ?
If the griev'd Muse by some lov'd Empress rose,
New Strength, new Grace, it to your Influence owes !
If Pow'r by War distinguish'd Height reveals,
Your nobler Pride the Wounds of Fortune heals !
Then cou'd an Empire's Cause demand your Care,
The Soul, that justly thinks, wou'd greatly dare.*

*Long has feign'd VENUS mock'd the Muse's Praise,
You dart, divine OPHELIA ! genuine Rays !
Warm thro' those Eyes enliv'ning Raptures roll !
Sweet thro' each striking Feature streams your Soul !
The Soul's bright Meanings heighten Beauty's Fires ;
Your Looks, your Thoughts, your Deeds, each Grace inspires.*

*Know then, if rank'd with Monarchs, here you stand,
What Fate declines, you from the Muse demand !
Each Grace that shone of Old in each fam'd Fair,
Or may in Modern Dames Refinement wear ;
Whate'er just, emulative Thoughts pursue,
Is all confirm'd, is all ador'd in You !
If Godlike Bosoms pant for Pow'r to bless,
If 'tis a Monarch's Glory to redress ;
In conscious Majesty you shine serene,
In Thought a Heroine, and in Act a QUEEN.*

N^o. V.

V E R S E S
O N

Mrs. *Oldfield's* Death,
Mr. *BOOTH's* Sickness;
A N D

The DECLENSION of the S T A G E.

*Ambo florentes Ætatibus———
Et cantare Pares, & respondere parati.*

VIRG.



LDFIELD! the Second BARRY
of the Age!

Who gave a Lustre to the British Stage,
Is seen no more from Her Meridian Height,
Cast down alas! by unrelenting Fate!
Her mighty Loss, and BOOTH by Sickness worn,
APOLLO, and the Tuneful Sisters mourn!

When

When will Two such adorn the future Scene!
In ANTHONY's and CLEOPATRA's Mien
Appear'd the Warriour God, and Beauty's
Queen!

In Both; the Gifts of Bounteous Nature shone;
While jealous Art, scorning to be outdone,
Finish'd what Nature had so well begun.

Who cou'd unmov'd HER lovely Form survey!
When Dull VENTIDIUS summon'd him away,
One Look of HER might well command his Stay:
Majestick! Amiable! the Roman turn'd,
While in his Bosom Love and Glory burn'd,
And rising in her Charms, the fair Ægyptian
mourn'd.

Alternate Musick flow'd from either Tongue:
Musick! far sweeter than CUZZONI's Song!
For thus pronounc'd, the Poet's Eloquence,
Affects the Soul! while Song but charms the
Sense.

All saw, and heard, and own'd the vast Delight,
*While Hearing gave new Pleasure to the Sight! **
E'en Silence slowly rais'd her awful Head,
And leaving her Dark Empire o'er the Dead,
The melting Sounds in her pleas'd Looks confess'd
And wish'd for ever to be so displac'd.

The Tragic Muse rejoic'd —

How warmly did their mutual Passions rise?
Action met Action; Eyes encounter'd Eyes;

* Dryden's All for Love.

*Grace answer'd Grace; and Both perform'd so well,
Vainly they strove each other to excel;
Equal in ev'ry Part, so match'd the whole,
That Both seem'd animated by ONE SOUL!*

*WILDAIR * in Gaiety has all surpast;
But the Gay WILDAIR cannot always last:
And HE, who Peerless in the Coxcomb § stands,
Who in low Life the Characters commands,
Both far advanc'd in Years, as in Renown,
Must soon take Leave of the Capricious Town,
And lay their long despotic Empire down.* }

*A Gleam of Hope the Fate of BOOTH attends;
On BOOTH alone the British Stage depends.
It's first strong Pillar fail'd, when OLDFIELD
fell!*

*BOOTH must uphold its last! The doleful Knell
That tolls his Death, (defer the fatal Hour,
Gracious HYGEIA! Health-restoring Power!)
Presages Ruin to the Tragic Scene;
It sinks! it falls! never to rise again.*

*† In the same Age Three Female Players Born,
Did the fam'd British Theatre adorn:
BARREY in stately Tragedy surpast:
MOUNTFORT in Comedy: In Both the last:
Nature, whose Power cou'd no farther go,
To make an OLDFIELD joy'n'd the OTHER
TWO*

* Mr. Wilks:

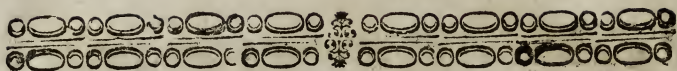
§ Mr. Cibber.

† Parodie of Dryden's Epigram on Milton.



ON THE
DEATH
OF
Mrs. OLDFIELD.

LET nothing now upon the Stage appear,
 But what demands a Sigh, deserves a Tear!
 All Comic-Art must mock the Actor's Toil,
 For where's the Face, that wou'd not blush to smile?
 Mourn then You Stage! in Emblems fit be seen!
 Mourn, like a Kingdom, that has lost its Queen!
 Mourn for thy Beauty, that is fled and gone!
 Mourn for thy Loss of Glory and Renown!
 Mourn, like a Lamp, with an extinguish'd Flame!
 Mourn, like a Basis, that has lost its Fame!
 Mourn, as you shou'd, for thy blest Actress Death,
 What was thy Life, but thy fam'd OLDFIELD'S
 Breath?



TO THE
MEMORY
OF

Mrs. Anne Oldfield.

STAY Passenger a while, reluctant see,
What BEAUTY is, and what thy SELF shalt be,
How soon the fairest LILLY will decay;
And warmest BEINGS, are the coldest CLAY.
Tyrannick DEATH! at thy Approach we fall,
And thou, regardless, lay'st thine Hands on all.
From Infancy, to Youth, to riper Years,
From Man mature, to Age's flaxen Hairs:
The Victor and the Victim equal laid,
With him that drove the Plough, and us'd the Spade.

But here!—the Mirror of the English Stage,
(Not worn by Troubles, nor o'ercome by Age,)
Yields her to Death's supreamer Pow'r, a Slave,
And frozen lies imprison'd in the Grave:
Just at the Autumn of her Years cut down,
And e'er her Beauty fades, her Life is gone.

Here!

*Here! here! — the poor Remains of OLDFIELD
lay,*

*Gay was the PIT, whenever she was gay,
Coquets would blush, and Filts would Envy bear,
To see themselves so well perform'd in her;
While ev'ry Air, our Admiration draws,
And ev'ry EXIT, eccho'd with Applause:
But when our SCOTTISH MARY was her Part,
Or MARTIA sighing for her JUBA's Heart;
Or when enthrall'd with SOPHONISBA's Cares,
The Stage became a Sea of briny Tears.*



Several

Several ingenious Epitaphs having been made for Mrs. OLDFIELD, the following were transmitted to me by my kind Correspondents; and I do not doubt but they will be acceptable to my Readers.

*Hic juxta requiescit,
Tot inter Poetarum laudata Nomina,
ANNA OLDFIELD.
Nec ipsa minore laude digna,
Quippe quæ eorum opera
In Scenam quoties prodivit,
Illustravit semper, & nobilitavit;
Nunquam ingenium idem ad partes diversissimas
Habilius fuit.*

*Ita tamen, ut ad singulas,
Non Facta, sed Nata esse videretur.
In Tragædiis
Formæ splendor, oris dignitas, incessus majestas.
Tantâ vocis suavitate temperabantur,
Ut nemo esset tam agrestis, tam darus Spectator,
Quin in admirationem totus raperetur.*

*In Comædiâ autem
Tanta vis, tam venusta hilaritas, tam curiosa
felicitas.
Ut neque sufficerent spectando oculi,
Neque plaudendo manus.*

Another.

Another.

Exit ANNA OLDFIELD.

*Jam mea peracta est;
Mox vestra ageter Fabula:
Vos VALETE & PLAUDITE.*

Another.

Here lies the Body of ANNE OLDFIELD,
the most celebrated Actress not only of her
own Time, but of any other.

Fashion'd alike by Nature and by Art
To please, engage, and int'rest ev'ry Heart,
In Public Life, by all who Saw, approv'd;
In Private Life, by all who Knew her, lov'd.

Another.

Reader observe, I once was like to thee:
'Thence learn how shortly thou'lt resemble me,
Spend cautiously the Time allow'd by Heaven,
Two Births, one only Mortal Life, is given.

F I N I S.

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